VOL XVIII
NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JULY

Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Scandal

By Richard T. Griswold

Decorations by F. M. Grant

UNCLE SAM'S children are awakening to the fact that they have a billion dollar scandal in their governmental family.

Just a few hundreds of thousands or perhaps a million or so, and the scandal might have gone unnoticed to the end of time, but it seems the Kaiser's war has started a lot of people over in the States thinking about what the government is doing in national defenses. Some few of the wiser heads among Uncle Sam's children took it upon themselves to investigate what would be the true conditions if the Kaiser should take it into his mind to steam across the Atlantic and attempt to turn Manhattan island into a Belgian battlefield.

"How much has the United States been spending each year in its navy and war departments?" enquired one of these "wise-heads" at the office of the United States war department a short time ago.

"Considerably more than Germany."

"What's that?—More than Germany with her big standing army and modern equipment, new battleships, submarines, military schools and all—certainly there must be some mistake."

"No such luck. In one item alone the United States War Department paid out in 1914, $169,449,333, which made their military and naval disbursements on the government yearly balance sheet more than those of any European country. This item was paid in pensions to old soldiers."

"One hundred and sixty-nine and a half million dollars for pensions?"

"Yes and the prospects are this yearly total will be greatly increased."

The underlying principle of the pension system in the States is excellent. It aims to supply at least partial means of support for those injured in the service of their country or for those left dependent by soldiers and sailors who were killed in battle or from injuries received in conflict. No one could question the justice of such a governmental provision, no matter what its cost. It is the least the government of a great and wealthy nation could do as recompense to the deserving ones. The billion dollar scandal has nothing to do with the payment of pensions to this deserving class but with the political intrigue and graft that has made it possible for large numbers of persons to have their names attached to the United States pension rolls who have absolutely no claim upon the public's funds.

A few figures in review of the pension situation in the States will be of interest. Eleven years after the close of the civil war six per cent. of the survivors had applied for pensions. Three years after the close of the Spanish war, twenty per cent. of the enlistment had filed pension applications. Yet the records of the Spanish war show the United States fatalities were not large. Of the 250,000 enlisted, but 50,000 actually saw service. There were but 2,900 fatalities from gun wounds and diseases during the entire war with Spain.

Why all this difference between the Spanish war veterans and those of the civil war? The answer is found in a gradual development of a public state of mind that has come to look upon Uncle Sam's treasury box as a source for legitimate graft—out of which the person who could muster the largest array of congressional backing could secure the largest "divy."

The pension system in the States long since has degenerated into a huge vote-buying fund, distributed under the guise of charity from the treasury's strong box.

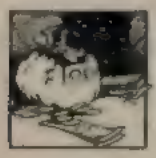
"We have a perfectly enormous civil war pension list which is of no credit to us," said Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury under President Taft. "It has lost its patriotic aspect and has become a political list."

"When Secretary MacVeagh spoke of the pension list as no longer a roll of honor, but a political list, he used language of moderation," wrote the late Charles Francis Adams, who himself served for four years in the civil war and rose to the rank of brigadier

Copyright, 1915, by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LIMITED. All rights reserved.

general. "He might truthfully have referred to it as an enormous instance of political jobbery, deeply affecting not only the treasury but the moral health and lasting well being of the whole body politic."

and so am I for the same reason. I cannot be elected without the soldier vote and I do not know how to get it without buying it and as I am a poor man and not able to buy it with my own money, I see here an opportunity to



The importance of the "veteran" politically will be noted from the fact that there was an average of 2,500 old soldiers in each congressional district in the North at the time of the last federal census.

As is usually found in cases of legitimized public graft, both political parties have been equally guilty during the periods they have been in office. The Republican party must be charged with most of the inflated pension expenditures, but this apparently is because that party has been in office during all but two of the presidential terms since the civil war. When the Democratic congress went into office in 1911, the bill chosen for the place of honor was one to provide $1 per day "for every surviving soldier of the civil war."

The importance of the "veteran" from a political angle will be noted in the fact that there was an average of 2,500 old soldiers in each congressional district in the "North" at the time of the last federal census. The "pension belt" embracing Ohio, Illinois and Indiana shows a marked influence of the "pension divy." In Indiana, for instance, there are between 4,000 and 5,000 veteran votes in each congressional district. The records at Washington show that into each one of these mid-western congressional districts more than $500,000 in pensions is distributed each year. The vote of the pensioners as a rule is cast almost solidly for the man who has been most active in advancing pension legislation in congress. In the close districts the pension vote actually controls the election.

In speaking of the pension scandal in the States on the floor of the House of Representatives, Congressman Gallaway, of Texas, told this anecdote:

"This is what an old congressman said to one of the younger members when they were discussing a pending pension measure:

" 'You are going to vote for this bill, take the money out of the federal treasury and buy this vote. I am going to vote for this bill and so are you.' "

Occasionally there have been congressmen who have dared to oppose grafting from the national treasury in this manner even at the risk of losing their seat in congress. One of these was Congressman Hughes, of New Jersey. In speaking against the Sherwood bill which granted old age pensions to the survivors of the civil war, Congressman Hughes said:

"I want to say this here and now, though I realize the effect of my vote, that $50,000,000 is too high a price for the country to pay to bring me back to congress."

Hughes was not disappointed. The pension interests in his districts saw to it he did not receive any of the veteran vote or the vote of a host of relatives and friends of the veterans. Those who fathered the Sherwood bill, on the other hand, were backed up at the polls during the following election. One estimated he had received fully 10,000 extra votes because of his work for the pension bill.

The effects of this boosting process are shown clearly in the figures from the pension office at Washington. In 1909, 620,000 veterans were drawing pensions. In 1914 there were but 462,000 on the rolls. As the veterans grow older the rate of $35,000 yearly less on the pension lists will increase. One would think the pension rolls of the United States would work out to a nominal figure and eventually be erased. Had it not been for the Spanish war and the rush for the pension spoils immediately following, this might have been the case. There is little hope of it now.

The Spanish war veterans were placed on the pension rolls under decidedly advantageous conditions. They may be said to have started where the civil war veterans left off. When the first pension law was passed a veteran of the Union army who had lost an arm or a leg or had received a similar serious disabling injury was given $8 per month. The veteran of the Spanish war returning with similar injuries was placed upon the rolls at $45 per month. The latter was given the advantage of all of the "liberalizing" changes made in favor of the rapidly ageing civil war soldiers. For example in 1890 the pension department rolls carried close to 100,000 names of veterans who received less than $6 per month. In 1895 the pension law was amended so that the minimum pension was set at $6. In this fact is found the explanation of why the pension total has been increasing while the number of pensioners has decreased.

In 1910 about 920,000 pensioners received $160,000,000. Four years later with almost 150,000 names stricken from the pension lists more than $14,000,000 was added to the total of pensions paid by the government. It has been estimated that this "liberalizing" has taken more than a billion of dollars from the United States treasury during the past score of years.

One of the principle causes of this great national scandal may be traced to a collection of lawyers who have made their living out of securing pensions for veterans. The general pension act provides the solicitor may receive a fee of $20 for each pension or enlargement. With the number of survivors of the civil war rapidly decreasing, these pension lawyers saw their business bound for the rocks within a few years. The Spanish war, however, gave them a new crop to work upon. It was not a full crop such as they had from the civil war but in a pinch the 50,000 men who saw actual service in the Phillipine and Cuban campaigns proved a saving straw to them.

These pension "experts" did not allow the ink to dry on the papers that brought an end to the Spanish war before they had their agents, cappers and solicitors out mingling with the soldiers, securing the names of those who actually were injured, and impressing upon the balance that Uncle Sam was ready to take care of them if they "could show cause."

The war department wisely had provided that every man submit to a physical examination before he was mustered out of service. This plan was originated to protect those worthy of pensions and as a bar to the imposter in the future. The order required the

final health certificate must be signed by the soldier, his commanding officer and the surgeon of his battalion. A triple check of this sort, it was thought, would keep the records absolutely clean.

But nothing less than an iron cage apparently would have stopped most of the pension solicitors from scattering "poison" among the soldiers in regard to "pension possibilities." Soldiers coming from the mustering out stations where they had sworn to a perfect physical condition, were buttonholed by the cappers for pension attorneys, persuaded as to the "possibilities" and within a few hours had filed papers setting forth claim to enough diseases to stock a hospital. S. A. Cody, chief of the law division of the department of pensions, describes the conditions at San Francisco during the mustering out of the Phillipine army in the report of the department for 1902 (page 106) as follows:

"The distribution of circulars among the soldiers prior to their discharge, which is not prohibited, was soon found to be entirely inadequate to satisfy the ambitions of one class of attorneys who proceeded to hire men employed in various capacities at the Presidio to act as solicitors for them. Men and women were sent into the Presidio Hospital as visitors to the sick, under the guise of charity and various other pretexts, whose only purpose was to pour into the ears of such soldiers as they could, glowing accounts of the system of pensions provided by law, and the merits of some particular attorney who made a business of prosecuting claims.

"Soldiers were procured to execute declarations for pensioning before their discharge, and such declarations were postdated and retained by the attorneys until after the muster-out, when they were forwarded to the Pension Bureau. It has been found necessary by the commandant and surgeon in command at the Presidio to take measures to prevent attorneys and those connected with them from entering the hospital and constantly to change the details of the ambulance men; by the authorities of San Francisco, to keep a patrol just outside the Presidio gates when occasion demands; by the railroad companies, to prohibit solicitors from importuning soldiers in depots and ferries and by this Bureau, to detail a special examiner to assist in every way possible in protecting the soldiers from the machinations of disreputable attorneys and their solicitors. Officers of the hospital have been approached even by saloon keepers in the interest of attorneys to secure information from the records.

"Soldiers and ex-soldiers having an acquaintance with men about to be discharged, or otherwise suited to the purpose of the attorneys, have been employed in large numbers to circulate among the men and advertise the qualifications and 'advantages' of different attorneys. These men seize upon their victims whenever and wherever found, and more recently, in view of certain steps taken by the Bureau to prevent the execution of papers by soldiers prior to their discharge, such soldiers have proceeded to fill out declarations for pensions and agreements about fees while still in the service, so that all that is necessary to be done after discharge is to sign and make oath to the papers.

"Some of the resident attorneys report that, in view of the methods employed by some of their competitors, they have come to the conclusion that very little business can be secured by reputable methods and so have retired from the contest."

That the majority of the "pension sharps" were not forced to retire from the business is made evident by the rapid jump in applications for pensions directly after the close of the Spanish war. The following notations taken from the records of the war department show the activities of the "experts."

"A soldier enrolled with the Phillipine forces filed a claim for a pension shortly after he was mustered out at San Francisco. Before being mustered out he signed a declaration of health on March 9, 1901, which reads as follows:

Q. Have you any reason to believe that at the present time you are suffering from the effects of any wound, injury, or disease, or that you have any disability or impairment of health, whether incurred in the military service or otherwise?

A. No. . . I declare that the foregoing questions and my answers thereto have been read over to me, and that I fully understand the questions and that my replies to them are true in every respect and are correctly recorded.

The company's commander was examined and answered as follows:

Q. Do you know or do you have any reason to believe, aside from his own statement, that the person who made and signed the foregoing declaration is disabled or impaired in health at the present time by reason of any wound, injury, or disease, whether incurred in the military service of the United States or otherwise?

A. No. I certify that the foregoing statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

The company's surgeon signed this declaration:

Q. Have you subjected the person named above to a thorough physical examination?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you find that, at the present time, he has any disability, whether incurred in the military service or not?

A. None. I certify that the foregoing statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

On March 16, just seven days after, this veteran signed an application for a pension in which he made oath he was suffering from:

Disease of the stomach
Bowel troubles
Kidney and bladder troubles
Malarial poisoning and results
Lumbago
Pain in back
Irritable heart

Another application made after a similar "bill of health" had been signed brought to light some rather peculiar ailments. In addition to listing an injury to his right leg this soldier said he was suffering from "stomach and results, diseases of the teeth and malarial poisoning." The files at the war department and pension office are said to contain a large number of applications which contain such "questionable" features.

Henry M. Hyde gives the following example of how the United States treasury has been milked for a number of years:

"When Esther S. Damon died in

Continued on page 177.

Some of the people in the States have come to look upon transactions in connection with pensions as legitimate, when they would not for an instant tolerate such practices in private business dealings.

THERE, ON HER KNEES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GRASSY FLOOR WAS PATTY HOLDING THE CAMERA IN HER FEVERISH LITTLE HANDS

Little Sir

HOW THE PLIGHT OF A TINY BIT OF FEMININITY APPEALED TO THE HONOR OF SEVEN YEARS OF STURDINESS—REACHED DOWN DEEP AND TOUCHED THE MINIATURE MAN OF HIM

By Victoria Munro

Illustrated by Helen Haselton

THERE were five boys in the Bradford household who were separated into pairs as sharply defined as five paper children cut whimsically from a fashion review.

There was an older and a younger team with John in the middle. He was the pivot about which all family disagreements turned and it was justly written that he should be hard-fisted, heavy-voiced and sturdy as a young oak on a sea-beaten coast whose small foot-hold of ground is constantly disputed.

It so happens in a large family that candidates for special privileges, parties, prizes and holidays must be treated in groups and John, called "Little Sir," simply would not "group."

The vacation question had just come up in the fall, agitated the household for a time and passed on. It had to do with the "grouping" of John; should he be sent with his big brothers to the boys' camp in Wisconsin or should he go to the seashore with his mother, the small team and black Susan. There was no question in John's mind,—he had dreamed of that wonderful boys' camp ever since Bud and Jerry—under compulsion—had "written home" their first choppy misspelled accounts of it.

But there were obstacles to be overcome. Although the prime object of the camp was to teach boys to swim nevertheless Mrs. Bradford had laid down the ultimatum that no boy of hers should go to camp until he had first learned to swim at home. Consequently the big team had been sent weekly to the gymnasium and taught to swim in a germless tank under a competent master. Their mother was fanatically interested in the water temperature and the germ precautions so that when the case was decided against John in the fall there could be no appeal in the spring.

John did not appear to be greatly disappointed but then he never talked much anyway—not even to Aunty Bun who was always anticipating his little troubles and hovering about conveniently in case he should ever take a notion to confide in her.

The subject died out and was forgotten until one cold morning in November when Aunty Bun strolled down the hill to the duck-pond in the woods, and saw old Bilkins, the gardener, sitting on the handles of his wheelbarrow, smoking and drowsing in the scant sunshine and looking very sheepish. The old pond, black and miry as usual, lay very quiet under its covering of dead leaves but the convoy of ducks was skimming along at an unusual rate of speed and looking very indignant. Right behind them she saw John's shining face, spattered with little round

globules of mud and sheering the water with all his might to get to cover. Aunty Bun never said a word but as she turned quickly and walked back toward the house a bass chuckle rolled up from the pond. "It was only a frog," said Aunty Bun.

Nothing more was said about vacation plans till February when that peculiar new quality in the morning sunshine first proclaimed itself—warming the window-panes, describing sharp little patterns on the floor and touching up vague freckles on the boys' noses. John began to fill up once more with his ambition to go to camp. Aunty Bun, the mind-reader, went to him and offered to present his case to the family council. She felt herself a noble advocate as she described his persistent efforts to swim in the muddy pond, old Bilkins' interest in him and John's crowning success, but the wrath was gathering on all sides with every word; his mother was furious about the cold dirty water and his father because, "Bilkins the old fool couldn't swim a stroke to save his life and knew the pond was very deep in the middle." Aunty Bun had backed out of the council in partial disgrace herself, for unintentionally she had left the parents with the impression that she was another accomplice. The case, of course, was decided against John.

He took it stoically as usual. Disappointments only squared his jaw and toughened his fiber although his adorable baby nose remained as "pugged" and freckled as ever.

"Take your medicine graceful, old man," said Aunty Bun who had learned his language, although it nearly broke her tender heart to take this attitude with him.

He listened with upturned round face and great round eyes which, set just a trifle far apart, were capable of a tremendous saucer-eyed seriousness.

She wanted to laugh and cry at once as she looked down at him and her fingers tingled to snatch and hug and cuddle him in a perfect abandonment of hysterics. Aunty Bun was nearing a collapse for she had fought hard and lost, and she loved children more than anything else in the world and John more than all other children.

She swallowed hard and said, "Little Sir, you are to go with me and your two little girl cousins from New York to a big farm way off in the country. I believe you will like it too."

"Can I hunt eggs and slide down hay-ricks and feed pigs ?"

"You just bet you can—and go fishing and make garden and drive horses and milk cows and—"

There was a soft rapping at the door followed by Susan's black smiling face in its frame of white ruching.

"Time to wash up for suppah, Little Sah," and she disappeared again like a living smile.

"Surely," thought Aunty Bun, "all things can grow brighter when I see so dark a thing beam like the sun itself."

The farmhouse was a large white rambling affair with green shutters. It was set far back from the road among apple trees through whose zigzag branches a well beaten dirt-path described its straight line to the front steps.

John and Aunty Bun arrived in an old stage-coach that labored slowly along the hot dusty road with some twenty passengers inside and a tower of household commodities on its upper deck. The stage coach idea had sounded romantic enough to them at first and now its destination looked even more so—a spired and shining little city, set in the very heart of the morning sun and far up that ribbon white af road at the top of the hill. But it was all a delusion and they were glad to stand by the roadside and watch the creaky old coach crawl up the hill behind its spent hacks, sagging ominously with its human freight and its tower of hotchpotch.

The following morning the two little girls arrived with their father, via the old stage-coach. He turned the children over to Aunty Bun and went back by return stage.

Martha—called Patty—was seven years old and Mary four. John had had no experience with girls and he observed these little fairy creatures with covert astonishment. Patty, on the other hand, made her observations by direct attack.

She sailed up to him and putting her hands on both shoulders said,

"You're my cousin John, aren't you ?"

John, very red, uttered a faint, "Sure, I s'pose so," and drew up very straight. Whereupon Patty, nothing daunted, stepped back a little and holding her skirt with exaggerated daintiness, dropped him a curtsey.

"I salute you, Mr. John," she said with mock solemnity.

"Mary," she ordered, "salute your cousin," and Mary did so with a real seriousness.

They all became great friends however in a short time, but Patty made all the overtures.

She initiated John into the mysteries of dolls and demonstrated to him their endless care. They discovered a perfect bower formed by big trees overhead and lilac bushes underneath which they named "the dolls' house." Into this house Patty and Mary moved all the dolls every morning and took them out again at night.

John never played with the dolls but always showed a polite interest in their welfare. The truth is, he thought the little girl creatures playing with them were far more cunning than the dolls themselves.

Patty would order him to go and administer a dose of paregoric or take up a crying infant and hold it until she got the other ones out of the way. This he did like a very real, very obliging but very clumsy father.

The dolls, however, soon lost their importance in the farm-life scheme of existence, for by degrees John took the lead and investigated everything on the farm. The girls trailed after him and hunted eggs, discovered stolen nests

THE GIRLS TRAILED AFTER HIM AND HUNTED EGGS, DISCOVERED STOLEN NESTS AND SLID DOWN THE HAY-RICKS

slid down the hay-ricks and waded in the brook. Aunty Bun, to her astonishment, found that John had almost relieved her of her charges for he was not only a good playfellow, but also took upon himself a "little-fatherly" responsibility toward the children.

But an event happened which changed everything. The old coach set down another boarder at the farmhouse,—a jolly, vivid type of man whose personality dominated the table and the evening gatherings. He was a dean in one of the large universities, bird-lover and nature student who spent every day in the woods and fields, botanizing and taking pictures with a very fine camera.

Every one at the farm called him the "bird man" and a close observer might have noticed at table a rapid rise in the bird interest market. Two enthusiastic young women who had previously disposed of their time by playing bridge on the lawn in exaggerated outing effects, now took diligently to early rambles, field glasses and bird-guides.

The fact is they all courted the bird man and each one secretly hoped to go with him on one of those mysterious field trips and maneuvered to that end. Even Patty, alive to her finger tips, was not long in catching the fever of general interest.

But Patty had a very real motive. She was nervous and precocious and just bristled all over with questions and curiosity. Moreover she possessed ten hot acquisitive little fingers that just itched to get hold of anything mysterious and pull it to pieces.

One day she had watched the bird man set up that wonderful camera of his on its tripod and take a picture of a cat-bird's nest and eggs and she had stood breathless at the click of the shutter and felt her fingers tingle to get at the insides of the thing and see what made it tick.

John was one who never courted the bird man's favor but sat every day directly opposite him at table, napkin in his neck, and ate his hearty dinner as round-eyed and solemn as an owl.

One day the bird man looked at him a long time with his quizical searching smile.

John has a good eye and he returned the look, gaze for gaze, munching steadily.

"John," said the bird man, "I want a scout to go with me to the woods, will you go ?"

John swallowed hard and said, "Sure."

"That's a bet," laughed the bird man.

He must have proved a good "scout" for the next morning at five o'clock he and the bird man sallied forth again, this time with their lunch and full impedimenta. If any of the newly created bird lovers had been up they might have seen Little Sir, with bulging chest, carrying the satchel that contained the precious camera plates.

At first the bird man took John only occasionally. After so many years of solitary wandering it took him some time to be sure he wanted even so trusty a scout as Little Sir to share his serious work. But John twined himself around his heart-strings in a thousand ways just as he had done with Aunty Bun until the time came when the bird man wanted him for his constant companion. The trips being strenuous however the bird man left him behind occasionally out of consideration for his seven years of growing manhood and very often too because of Patty's militant demands on his time.

Invaluable as a tree climber John also had a good eye and ear for the woods and delighted his companion by his ready ability to identify a distant meadow lark by its flat head, a Phoebe on a branch by its twitching tail or a chimney swift high in air by the incessant twinkling of its wings. He was always quiet and good natured, watched and listened and spoke a man's language.

John had a large curiosity as well as Patty about the camera, but he kept it carefully bottled up inside. The bird man now trusted him to carry it and one day he had him climb a high elm tree, pull the camera up by a string and take a picture of an oriole's nest—the mother bird palpitating near in open mouthed fright. But the bird man was very rigid in his rules about the camera and never permitted John to touch the plates inside.

The bird man had a visitor, an ornithologist of note who came to the farm and monopolized John's companion for two days. John of course could not go because they set out at dawn and never returned till after dusk. On the second day they heard the pumping noise of a bittern and followed it up, beating through thick reeds and sedges, often wading to their knees until at last they found it together with its nest and eggs. And then after a long silent wait in the marsh they got two pictures; one of the nest and eggs and one of the mother bird, her stem-like neck exactly parallel to the reeds about her, pointing skyward, her dainty head and bill mimicking the seed-heads of the adjacent reeds.

The bird man said the pictures were invaluable and worth many times the pains they took to get them.

That night he said to John, "Now for the meadow lark's nest in the morning, John. Are you sure you can find it again ?"

"Sure, I am. I dropped beans all the way back."

"Where did you get beans, Little Sir ?" the bird man's whole face twinkled with amused expectancy.

"They belong to my bean-shooter."

"But I thought you gave your bean-shooter to Patty."

"I did but girls don't have pockets."

"Oh, I see, so you carry the beans for her, eh ?"

"Sure and load the shooter too."

The bird man went to bed that night so tired and exhausted that he forgot to remove the precious plates from the camera. It was a thing unprecedented in his experience and on the following morning, feeling rather stiff he set out with John for the meadow lark's nest. He said they would leave the camera at home and just take it easy and stroll around a while and perhaps come back to lunch.

When they reached the vicinity of the nest the mother meadow lark was standing right out in the open twitching her tail with offense and announcing by her extreme palpitant alarm, the hatched reality of her young. They looked cautiously into the nest with its arched canopy overhead and arched floor beneath and saw five little heads, stretched and swaying back and forth, with mouths wide open, and exercising to the full the one instinct vouchsafed to their infancy.

The bird man's blood was up in a minute and he sent John spinning for the camera, but not until the boy was far away, did he remember about the plates. His first impulse was to start after him but, remembering John's integrity and his love of being trusted, he changed his mind and sat down on a log to wait and watch the meadow lark.

As John was racing up the hill to the house he met Patty and Mary coming with lunch baskets, dolls and many fixings.

Patty tried to stop him but he only slowed up a bit.

"We're going to have a picnic, John, and there's ginger-bread for you and some candy, too."

This didn't work a bit so she took another tack and stamped her foot.

"Aunty Bun said you must come, so there !"

"I can't, Patty, I—Oh !" with a start, "I promised the bird man—"

The rest was lost on the air as John flew like an arrow.

When he came back again with the camera and plates, Patty was in the dolls' house making petulant preparations for the party, clapping dolls into high-chairs and ordering Mary to tie their bibs on. The dolls had become so real to her that she actually proceeded to do for them when she was most vexed, and now, like a real mother, she bustled about her duties, scolding everyone in sight.

Continued on page 178.

Winning the D. C. M.

WHEREIN AN OFFICER IN AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL SWAPS TALES OF THE FRONT WITH A BRITISH LANCE-CORPORAL AND A WINNIPEG PRIVATE. WHILE NURSE JOSEPHINE LOOKS ON SMILING AND THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY AIR GETS IN ITS WORK

By John Dare

Decorated by Harold Giles

Nobody understands Europe to-day who hasn't been in it. In England they're near enough to look over the crumbling edge into the seething heart of the crater of horror that has opened and swallowed civilization. Here in Canada we understand better day by day, as the Honor Roll grows blackly longer, and the mobilization camps are getting ready for the Fourth Contingent. But nobody really knows, except indeed those whose doorbells have shrilled out in the eerie night to preface the pounding messenger boy with the yellow envelope that says Bob fell at Langemarck.

Here is the diary of a Canadian in an English hospital, fresh from France. How did we get it? Was it a nurse, a comrade, a doctor who mailed it to us? We are not at liberty to say.

MODERN warfare is such an infernal business that any man who isn't killed ought to be cheerful. It all seems like a wild dream to me now, here in this still English place. When they let me sit up for the first time and I looked through the big window into the green of trees just leafing out, I couldn't believe that there ever had been any Neuve Chapelle. It was an Anthony Hope novel, with a little of the uncanny unreality, the horror-thrill of Dostoieffsky stirred into it.

Then I tried to lift my left arm. And I remembered. There is the oddest feeling that it *must* be there, despite everything.

You may imagine that we convalescents do a good deal of yarning and comparing notes. Often we meet those who were invalided home from the same engagement as ourselves and by piecing our view-points together, we get some sort of understanding of the plan behind the vast whirl of forces in which we bore our little part—the crash of battalions that melted away, of guns that spoke and were silent, of brave men who led, and cheered, and fell.

Lance Corporal Ely of the First Connaught Rangers—next cot to me—has only one regret in life and that is that he left France before Neuve Chapelle and so never saw the Canadians in action. He was wounded in one of the numberless, nameless engagements that burst out, flare, and are stamped into the mud of history every day.

A fine big specimen of manhood he is, a bandsman as well as soldier, and it may be that he will never march to his own music again, for I saw the surgeon look a bit dubiously at his leg when he examined it this morning. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I have seen that look before, and it usually meant that the poor chap wouldn't have so many boot lacings to tie of a morning. A crutch factory would be a paying proposition just now. I fancy a few will be needed in Germany as well.

Ely didn't tell this story all at once, for Nurse Josephine wouldn't permit him to talk for many minutes at a time, but I kept it all in my notebook, and here it is, just as I wrote it and as he told it:

"Early on Monday morning we had orders to charge a line of German trenches from which an annoying fire had been pouring since Saturday. For a wonder, they had quieted down and our observation men had reported that some were resting, but that many of them had retired by communication trenches to some other part of the field. We prepared for the charge, and then came orders to wait until dusk.

"Tiresome? Yes, a bit, but that is a soldier's work—to wait, to fight, to eat, to sleep, all at the word of command from somewhere back up the line.

"Well, the day wasn't so long after all, for it gets dark early in France in the month of March, that is, in the north around Lille, as you no doubt know.

"When the time came we charged right enough, and the fighting in the German trenches was desperate in the extreme, hand to hand it was, and a chap would get a bayonet thrust in the back, like as not, at the same instant he was bayoneting some German in front of him. I saw that happen myself. It's not unusual. The confusion was indescribable, and one had to look sharp to make sure he was not killing his own mate. Reinforcements kept coming in on both sides, and the slaughter was frightful.

"Grimes, one of the men in my detail, fought beside me for several hours, fought hard and bravely, although he was wounded several times. Finally, after we had been at it for a couple of hours, I heard a queer, unnatural sound right back of my shoulder, and turned to see what it could be. I saw the most horrible sight I have yet witnessed—Grimes had been shot in the face, his lower jaw was shot completely away, just hanging loosely by shreds, and the queer sounds I had heard came from his throat as he tried to tell me something, some message, I presume, for he fell dead the next instant. I've seen many bad sights, but somehow that sickened me of war and all its horrors. There is no glory in it for me any more.

"Shortly after Grimes dropped I was wounded myself, and fell near where he lay. I was quite conscious, but couldn't rise. It seemed to me that whole regiments stumbled over us. Many wounded and dead fell on us, but somehow I always managed to crawl out again.

"Once I thought it surely was all up with me when a big German fell across my leg. When I realized that it was my good leg, however, I pulled it clear, and just then I was astonished to hear cheering and cries of 'Hoch! Hoch!'

"I managed to shrink close up to the clay wall before they were upon me. Lights flashed in my face, but my eyes were closed and my head thrown back as though I were dead, and the Germans passed on. I was fortunate that they didn't bayonet me. Reckon they must have been too busy.

"After that I was dimly conscious of a struggle going on further along the trench. It must have been terrible, for it lasted hours. Finally I became unconscious from the loss of blood. I remember no more until the sun shining in my face awoke me.

"It was very cold. The weather had been clear for several days, so there was no ice or slush, but the mud was frozen hard, and owing to the passage of many feet it was beaten down level. The dead were all around me. I suddenly felt a keen longing for life—before this I hadn't thought of it at all. Then came the problem of getting out of that trench alive. It seemed quite

impossible, weakened and crippled as I was.

"However, I just shut my teeth tight, and wriggled along somehow, sometimes over a dead body of a comrade, or of a German—it didn't matter much to me, for I was burning with a feverish desire to get back to my own trenches, and to see live men walking about. The hours spent in that charnel house were maddening.

"Once I heard footsteps approaching, and as I was crawling along very slowly, it was an easy matter to lie flat on my face. I didn't know whether it was a friend or foe, but as I lay there I thought of my chances. If it were a friend all would be well, if a foe—perhaps I would have to die of a bayonet thrust in the back. *In the back!* The thought of that so revolted me that I almost lost my only chance and just managed to overcome my intense desire to roll over and face whatever was coming to me.

"The footsteps paused beside me. I lay perfectly still, face down, breathing just as slightly as I could manage, just enough to keep from choking. I must have been pale enough, for one of the men remarked, 'Er ist tod.' The other landed me a kick in the side and grunted 'Schwein!' and spat fiercely on me, I think. But I was too far gone to care then. I'd like to get well and meet him again, though. Then they went on. I almost fainted from the kick, and lay there fighting for my very life.

"By and by I recovered sufficiently to crawl again and I made better progress than before. In my bewilderment, however, I got into a very narrow communicating trench, that couldn't have been much over eighteen inches wide, and there I stuck.

"I could go neither forward nor backward. It *was* a dilemma. By this time I was consumed with thirst. Nothing in this world did I want but a drink of water, and I wanted it damn bad.

"It must have been about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I thought I could distinguish English voices, and I began to shout, regardless of what Germans might be around. I don't know where I got the strength to shout with, but I kept on shouting as loudly as I could.

"'Can you hear me? I am Lance-Corporal J. Ely, of the Connaught Rangers. I am wounded in the German trench. I am dying for a drink. Can you hear me?'

"Over and over again I shouted this. It sounds funny to me now, but then it meant life itself.

"Finally I made out an answering cry. 'All right, mate. I'll get you out of that when it gets dusk, and I'll bring you a drink.'

"Talk about music! That voice was an angel symphony.

"I shouted back, 'Who are you?'

"'Private Mead, of the 4th Middlesex,' he replied.

"The firing in our immediate vicinity had practically ceased earlier in the day, so it was quite possible for the voices to be heard, for it was only a matter of eighty to a hundred yards from the English trenches to where I lay.

"At dusk he came with a rush, but he had a little trouble in locating me at first. When he found me wedged in the narrow trench he called for two men to help him lift me out. While waiting for them he jumped into the trench and gave me the long-coveted drink. How good it was!

"He lifted me to my feet, but I was so weak that I couldn't stand, and of course my bad leg refused to do its work, so I was a dead weight on him.

"'Cheer up, matey,' he said. 'We'll soon get you out of this. We've had a glorious fight—taken three hundred yards of trenches, and several hundred prisoners, besides killing and wounding over a thousand Germans. We lost a good many ourselves, though—nearly two hundred dead, and twice as many wounded. You're jolly lucky to get out alive, if you were in that big trench where your regiment first charged.'

"The men came then, and reached down and got a grip under my shoulders, while he boosted me up, and in a minute I was on top again. It did seem good to me.

"Then they picked me up—the three of them—with Mead at my feet, another at my middle, and a chap he callled Hawkins at my head, and they ran for home.

"It wasn't very comfortable, for sometimes I could feel the shattered pieces of bone grating and grinding into the flesh, but I hung on tight, and felt that soon all would be over, and we'd be safe in our own lines.

"It *was* over—too soon, for just as we were about ten yards from the trenches—ten yards, mind you, only thirty feet—the moon came out, and immediately the Germans fired at us a perfect storm of bullets. It was so sudden that my rescuers didn't have time to avail themselves of the usual expedient, that of falling flat immediately. Besides, they were seriously hampered by having me to carry, and I know their only thought was to get me in safely.

"The men stumbled on, but each step seemed to take an eternity, with the bullets whizzing all around us.

"Mead cried out, 'All right, old chap—don't worry—we're almost there—only a few steps more—cheer up—'

"Then I heard the curious 'Phlup'—the noise made by a bullet as it gets in its work, and both he and Hawkins fell dead, but the third man escaped.

"I lay on the ground beside those brave boys, but I would have given my life twice over if they could have been brought back again. I never was nearer crying since I grew up, just to think of the terrible sacrifice. It was mighty solemn.

"The moon went under a big cloud, and an officer dashed out from the trench and dragged me under cover. Then without waiting he rushed out again, and again, and brought in the two dead bodies.

"He was terribly excited, and he laid Mead's body beside me, then looking down at us, the two dead men and me, he said, 'There, I hope that you'll always remember that two good soldiers died in order to save your life,' and walked away.

"He needn't have said it, for I felt it deeply enough, God knows, and never shall I forget the brave, gallant boys who risked and lost their lives in order to save mine, a perfect stranger. Two for one! It doesn't seem fair, and I shall never cease to regret that I called for help. When I get out of this

I shall have to fight for three men instead of one. There's a big job ahead of me, I'm thinking. I have since heard that Mead was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. To my way of thinking, it should have been the Victoria Cross."

As for my own story, I'm writing it down too, for if the green English lawns and the pretty Canadian nurse get in any more of their calming work, it will lose its last outlines of reality and seem to be somebody else's yarn, with a vengeance. My battalion had been in their rest billets for some days when an army order came round saying that we were to attack the enemy's lines at dawn, and that a great effort was going to be made to break through which it was hoped would lead to decisive results.

We were moved down to a little village close to our front. Here we were placed in the trenches and were told that a division would attack Neuve Chapelle, and that our division was to co-operate and advance on Aubers as soon as Neuve Chapelle was captured. We were in our trenches at dawn, when suddenly, at 7 a.m., a most infernal din commenced—one such as I have never heard before and hope never to hear again.

More than 400 of our guns suddenly opened up without any preliminary notice in a most awful bombardment of Neuve Chapelle. There were all sorts of big guns, not to mention field guns and horse artillery—anything in fact that could be discharged.

You never saw such a sight; you never heard such a noise. I heard one of my men say 'Bill, this is the end of the world,' and I did not blame him for thinking so.

We could see in the distance great masses of flame, earth and brick, in great clouds of smoke, all ascending together as enormous shells screamed over our heads and burst among the German entrenchments and the houses of the village. At the end of a half hour's bombardment the fire ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Then we saw a division advancing towards Neuve Chapelle. There were rapid bursts of fire from machine guns and much indiscriminate rifle fire. A lot of our men fell, but in a short time the division disappeared amid the smoke and ruins of the village.

A little later we also got an order to move forward. It was a stirring moment. I don't know how we all really felt at heart, but we all pretended to enjoy it. The men are splendid. They will go anywhere, so long as they have an officer to lead them.

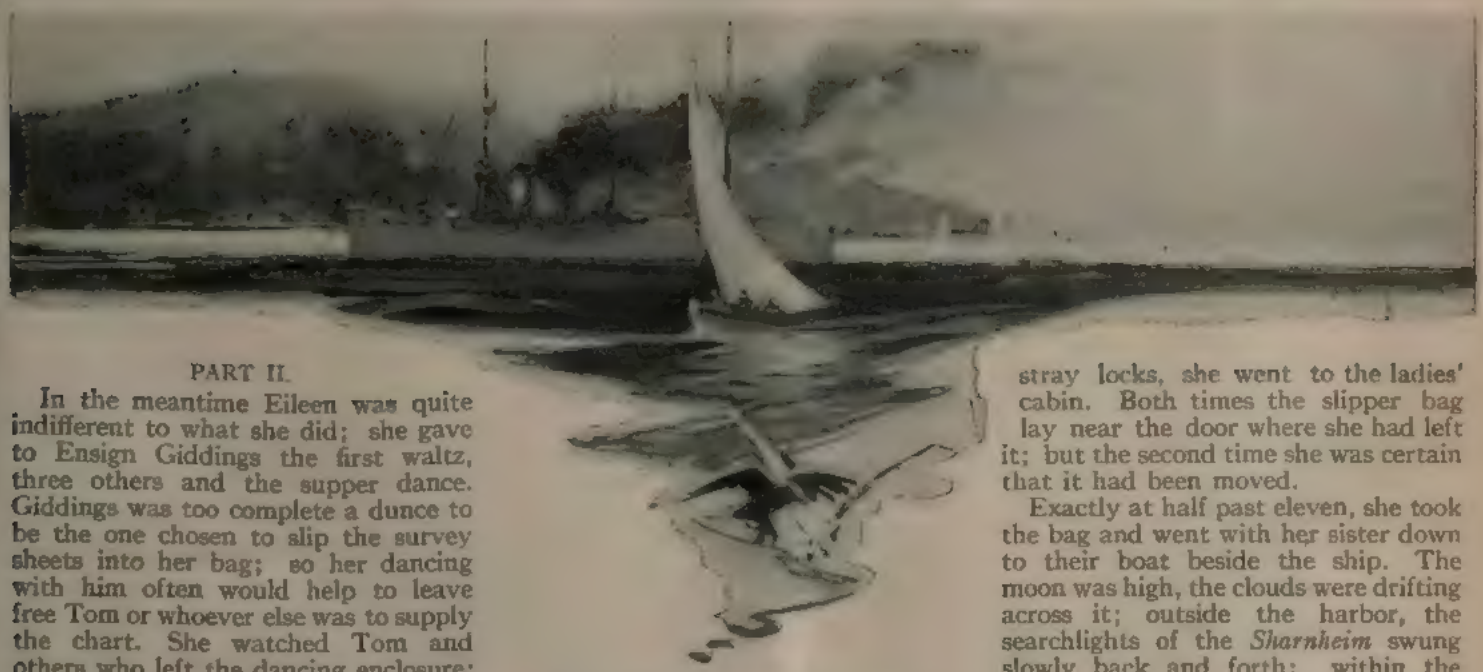
Well, we jumped out into the open. I had to get along as best I could as I was in charge of the machine guns. To me the air seemed alive with bullets and shells. There was a buzzing noise such as you hear in a tropical forest on a hot summer day. This fire was not directed particularly at us; we were simply catching what was aimed at those in front.

On we moved, until we came to an open stretch which was being swept by an infernal shell fire. We crossed this in rushes to gain the shelter of a few houses. We lost some 40 or 50 men.

There we remained for some little time, reforming the battalion and awaiting further orders. When these came we moved forward over rough open ground, coming upon lots of our poor fellows lying dead. They were from the other battalion, which had preceded us.

Continued on page 183.

Neutrality



By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Wild Goose Chase," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

PART II.

In the meantime Eileen was quite indifferent to what she did; she gave to Ensign Giddings the first waltz, three others and the supper dance. Giddings was too complete a dunce to be the one chosen to slip the survey sheets into her bag; so her dancing with him often would help to leave free Tom or whoever else was to supply the chart. She watched Tom and others who left the dancing enclosure; when they returned, she looked to see if anyone would reassure her with a glance. Many men looked first to her when they appeared but no word or nod was offered.

She kept her pledge of silence; but twice on the excuse of rearranging stray locks, she went to the ladies' cabin. Both times the slipper bag lay near the door where she had left it; but the second time she was certain that it had been moved.

Exactly at half past eleven, she took the bag and went with her sister down to their boat beside the ship. The moon was high, the clouds were drifting across it; outside the harbor, the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* swung slowly back and forth; within the quays all was dark, blurred, indistinct; the native luggers were vague hulks as the rowboat neared them. A voice hailed from one and Eileen trembled as she heard it and directed her boat closer to the fishing craft. Heath's voice called again and his arm

reached from the lugger's side. Eileen felt his fingers on her wrist as she stood and extended the grass bag to him; then his fingers passed over hers and he took the bag from her.

"Heath, you have it?"

"I have it; thanks; that's all." And the rowboat drifted past. The men pulled on the oars again and made for the shore; but as Eileen gazed back toward the native boats, she saw a sudden disturbance; she heard a thump, a muffled cry. There was battle between two of the boats! The moon came from behind a cloud and before it vanished again, it showed men springing up from the bottom of a fishing boat which had moved in beside Heath's; they were leaping aboard Heath's craft and with clubs and knives or with bare fists were overpowering Heath and his men.

"Quick!" Eileen cried to her crew. "Go back there, quick!" She jumped up and stood in the boat so that her sister pulled her down to save her from falling into the water as the men turned the boat. But before they were even headed back to the luggers, the men who had swarmed over Heath's boat were leaping back to their own; they had won what they wanted and as the last one jumped, a gasoline motor clattered and the boat which had attacked started away swiftly and steered straight out toward the mouth of the harbor.

"Heath!" Eileen cried as she came up to his boat, "Where are you? What was that? Are you hurt?"

"Von Goltz," Heath's voice replied weakly from the bottom of the boat. "He got it from me."

"You're hurt!"

"Von Goltz got it," Heath's voice moaned again. Then as Eileen tried to reach him, the voice of the English sailor replied, "He's not bad hurt, Miss, we'll take him back to the ship."

"I'm all right," Heath confirmed. "They'll take care of me, Eileen. You can't help me any more here."

His crew got the boat started and steered it across the harbor toward the *Argyle*. Eileen did not attempt to follow; it was true that she could not help Heath there. Only one thing could aid him; she ordered her boat back to the *Macon*.

The dance was over and the small craft which had brought the guests to the cruiser had taken them away again. The strings of lights above the decks were down and all the officers and men, except those on watch, had disappeared. Someone challenged the boat in a sharp voice; and when Eileen demanded in her own name and then in the name of her sister to go on board again, she was denied curtly. Tom was below; if there was an emergency, she might send him a message. Finally, as she would not go away, the officer of the deck sent for Tom and he went down the gangway to speak to them. But under those conditions, she could make him do nothing. So far from being able to supply her with another set of surveys to replace those which the Germans had captured, he had to deny knowledge of anything that had been done. The attempt was hopeless.

A wave came over the still water of the harbor and rocked the small boat; the *Argyle* was moving. The clouds closed dense again over the moon, so the English were attempting their escape through the old channel in the darkness. But as the *Argyle* came to the harbor mouth, the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* found it.

The men in Eileen's boat stopped rowing—they were half way in between the *Macon* and the shore—and stared after the English ship. They turned the boat a little so Eileen and her sister could see the *Argyle* easily from their seats. The English ship, increasing speed as it left the harbor, sheered sharply to the south and scurried close in by the shore hugging the protection of the three-mile strip of neutral waters; but the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* showed her in detail from stem to stern and the *Sharnheim* further out raced even with the *Argyle*. Then the German cruiser, not only larger but faster, forged easily ahead and shut off all hope of escape to the south. The *Argyle* suddenly swerved off; so swift with change of course that the searchlight beams missed the ship for a moment; and when they caught the English cruiser again, the *Argyle* was putting sharply about.

She was still inside the strip of neutral sea so the *Sharnheim* dared not fire. The *Argyle* swung completely about and as she raced directly back upon her course, the *Sharnheim* also put about and followed at full speed. As before, the English ship appeared only as lit by the searchlights of her enemy, and the position of the German cruiser was marked only by the base of the two great, glaring beams of light. As the *Argyle* came opposite the entrance of the harbor, the *Sharnheim* was quite up with its quarry and only a mile or so further out. But the *Argyle* did not give up and turn back into the harbor. If she had but desperate chance of escape then, she must have even less later when the dawn and the day came. She fled on to the north past the harbor into the stretch of sea between Tavola and Kuwunu where the old and charted channels had been filled by lava and new ones opened by the earthquake. And as the hunted ship ran toward the desperate chances of those channels, the *Sharnheim* again increased speed easily, confidently, and passed ahead of the *Argyle* and further out. The searchlights played back on the English ship and held her helpless to escape even if she ran through the reefs. Then, suddenly, without sound or warning as Eileen and her sister and the men in the boat gazed out breathless, the *Argyle* was gone from the beams of light. The great, glaring searchlights from the *Sharnheim* shot up into the air; all on the surface of the sea was blackness and the English ship disappeared into this and was gone.

Then, as the watchers in the small boat cried to each other for the cause, they saw that the shafts of light shooting up into the air from the *Sharnheim* had ceased to move at all; they no longer swept back and forth as hands directed them nor did they move forward steadily with the advance of the ship. For all movement of the *Sharnheim* was stopped instantaneously with the throwing of the beams of light away into the air; the German ship, as she raced confidently ahead into the waters between Tavola and Kuwunu, had run hard and fast on a reef and was stuck there. In a moment indeed, though it was plain that the *Sharnheim* did not move, men at the searchlights sent their rays over the water again for sight of the British ship. They swept for it first over the waters in shore and to the north of the harbor where the *Argyle* last had seemed to be trying to escape; but the lights found nothing there. Only when the searchlights swung to cover the old and known channels to the south of the harbor did they show the *Argyle* again; then the English ship was steaming swiftly and safely away from Tavola over the charted waters and out to sea.

Considering all that had happened during the night, the cable station transacted an insignificant business the next day. The Americans had nothing to report beyond the fact of the *Sharnheim's* running aground and the departure of the *Argyle*. The English ship in her run to the north of the harbor had merely reached the edge of uncharted waters and had made no manoeuvre which proved a knowledge of unpublished surveys.

The Germans chose to report little more. To be sure they possessed a perfectly new chart of all the waters between Tavola north to Kuwunu which they had captured from the English lieutenant Gordon. But their assault upon him in the harbor, if they admitted it, was a violation of neutral waters; further, if they claimed that the chart had been furnished to Gordon by American officers, the chart itself proved that the act could scarcely be construed as having furnished information to a belligerent. The general out-

"A BIT IMPRESSIONISTIC AS TO SOUNDINGS, BUT AN EARTHQUAKE OR TWO MIGHT CORRECT THAT"

lines of the coasts were correct; that was absolutely all.

"But considering that I had to make that bally map myself," said young Heath Gordon to Eileen two days later when the *Argyle* looked in again after the *Macon* had towed the *Sharnheim* off the rocks and the German ship, unable to leave either in twenty-four hours or twenty-four days, had been interned for the war, "and considering I had to do it all between supper with you and half-past eleven when I had to have it ready to stuff into that bag for Von Goltz to capture it from me, I don't think it was such a rotten chart. A bit impressionistic as to the soundings, of course; or futurist, I might say. Another earthquake or two with good volcanic accompaniment might easily make it correct, what? Of course the chief feature I had to have right was to show a generous lot of water out where the *Sharnheim* would like to run to head us off; that was all.

"And I say, Tom, if a neutral can take a household hint from a bellig, don't you fancy you'd better fire your native chap now? Hate to reflect on Helen's arrangements, but don't you believe she made a bit better bargain for service than she might if Von Goltz was not adding his marks to your shillings—I mean dollars? Awfully convenient Kanava was to me; in fact, quite essential. Don't know how I'd have got the chart to Von Goltz without him. But really, now, I'd be rid of him."

Heath and Eileen and Helen and Tom were together again before the little cottage on the beach.

"But Heath," Eileen lamented, "I—I really didn't do anything at all, did I? Why, I—I just thought I was doing something."

Heath surreptitiously caught her hand. "But as you certainly got the enemy chaps to think you were doing it too, dear, you did about everything, I should say—rather!"

But Eileen was not satisfied. "I mean why all the time I've been thinking I was doing something wrong for you, Heath, and—and unneutral! And I wasn't at all."

"No," said Heath. "What you did was entirely neutral."

"But I didn't—I don't want to be neutral. Heath, I want to be as—as unneutral as I can be. Just tell me something unneutral I can do, and I'll do it!"

"Hush, dear!" Heath warned, but held both her hands. "Not before an officer of a neutral navy and his wife But if you really want to be unneutral, I'll tell you what to do. Come, come with me along to the beach; there's no one about down that way, is there? That's good. Then, come along and —Oh, Eileen, let's you and I be just as unneutral as we like!"

The Children of Grand Prè

WHAT IS ARCADY? THE DRONING OF THE CRICKETS THE HAZY SLEEPINESS OF THE MEADOWS, THE STILL QUIETNESS OF THE SABBATH AND THE SOFT TONED ILLUSIVE DIMNESS OF THE SEA-FOG ALL BLENDED INTO ONE

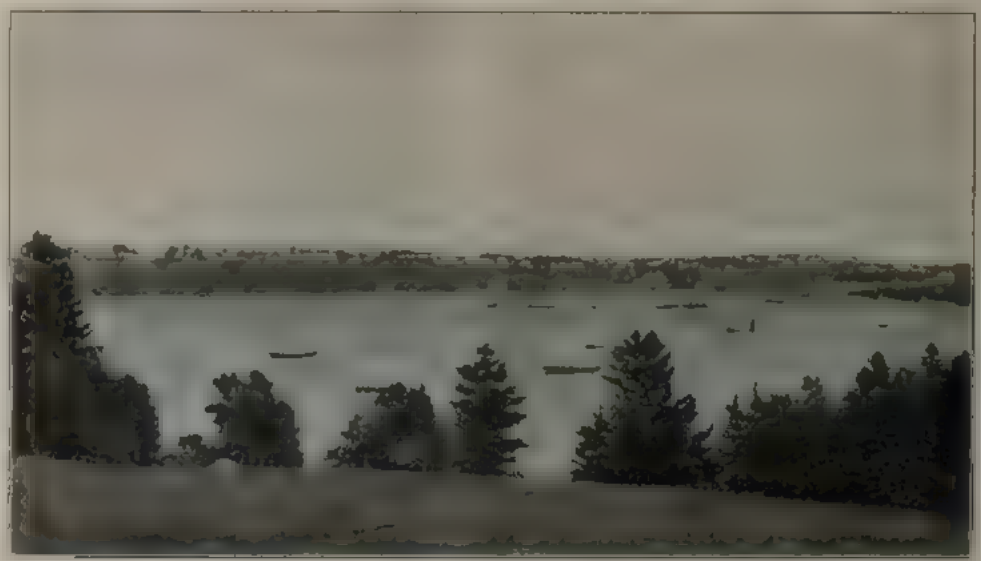
By Zenas E. Black

Illustrated from Photographs

IT isn't the happy women who have made history. The sonnets of the world were not written to laughing eyes; the lips that lean toward us from the dim frames of the masterpieces of all time have kissed the cross. If it be that they have come at last to peace, it has been through storm.

If Evangeline Bellefontaine had married Gabriel Lajeunesse and had reared a small family of brown heads under the thatched roof of Grand Pré, there would have been no poem and no pilgrimage Even the Maid herself, looking down from the steeps of Paradise, could hardly wish it otherwise than Fate ordained—a long road, and a dark road, but a road leading into light.

Evangeline never lived, you say? Longfellow created her out of dreams in a little old library a hundred miles to the south of the land where he caused her to bloom, tall lily of a bookman's vision?



THE PEACEFULNESS OF THE YELLOW-GRAY RIVER DOTTED WITH WHITE SAILS IS AS SOOTHING AS IT IS PICTURESQUE

Back at my typewriter in Chicago last winter, I should have believed you. I should have told you that Evangeline to me was a poem whose long-cadenced hexameters rang faintly up from the valleys of childhood, kin to the sounding roll of Horace but mixed with the tones of the queer, bent-shouldered, cough-wracked little old maid who taught me literature and rebellion thereunto

But when the spring came whispering across Lake Michigan, and the rumbling waves racing each other up the torn beaches were blue-touched and foam-white instead of winter-grey I walked one day by those same waves. And I missed something. The waves of Michigan are good to look at and good to hear; mournful, reverberating and endlessly monotonous with sorrow. But the tang, the sting and the swift challenge that ought to go with the roll of them is missing. Lake Michigan has miles and miles of water over which to bring a breeze, but if it were twice as long and three times as wide, it wouldn't be salt!

And I was born by the ocean. I have the creeping brine of it in my brain, the tingle and roar of it in my ears and the ever-recurring longing for it in my heart. Mountain, lake, desert, trout stream; casino aglow in the throbbing dark; pulsing music above drifting canoes; oh no, those are not holidays such as I would plan. I want the sea. So I came, not to the crowded and sophisticated beaches of the Jersey Coast, as artificial as my own cliff-dwelling, swift-L-ing, mad selling town, but to Nova Scotia a[nd] the mist-dim story, the high, [sad] heart-lifting story of Evangeline.

There is a little white farmhouse at the Gaspereau's mouth at the end of a winding road. There are apple tree all about and a line of French willow crowding close to the water. Here I hung my hammock, where I could look out over the yellow-grey river and smell the incense of those acres and acres of [sweet] clover that [cover] the green meadow [with] wide[-]meadows that the patient old Acadian farmers [won] from the sea And here I woke and slept and dreamed over my time-worn copy of Longfellow, and brought back Evangeline sweet and shy and seventeen after all the years up from the humble resting grave in the city of Penn, back through the tragic days of her wanderings and home to Grand Pré and the reapers among whom she talked and smiled

Gabriel came to [her] —they walked hand clasped, lovers as in the time before the wandering; yet more than that, for in the eyes of both I read that though they were in Grand Pré and at rest, they could remember dreamily, distant and devoid of pain because they now knew why, the exodus. They recalled the blood-red gleam of the village against the quiet sky; the weary misery of loneliness and the plodding years of hopelessness. Slim Seventeen bore in her deep eyes the knowledge and the peace of Sixty, the Sister of Mercy and the shadow of that

last sunlit morning when she let slip the flowers from her hands and knew her quest was ended.

There is an old well at Grand Pré with just the moss-grown bucket fastened with iron that the poet tells us about. Behind it, the grey green willows make a background for my lovers, and a spot of shade for old Nicholas and the dancing. On a droning summer afternoon, you can hear his fiddle shrilling it across the meadows if you're sleepy enough and the crickets are doing their work.

The air of Evangeline's land is perpetually misted—not the drizzling Scotch mist, but a faint, elusive, tone-softening dimness that comes doubtless as we're told, from the seafogs that pitch their tents aloft on the mountains and gaze into the valley but never come down from their fastness. I couldn't paint, any more than I could sail in the blue like the night-jar that circled, evening by evening, calling over the dikes where the men still worked spading away at the feet of the ponderous walls. But all the weeks that I stayed in Nova Scotia I felt that I could, that I *must* do something to put that soft, slumberous, caressing light where it would never be forgotten. I took an albumful of photographs, but I never once got the intangible fairy-gleam that I saw every day.

Even where the scenery in Evangeline's Land is rugged, it is never sharp, never abrupt or harsh, owing to this softening light. Blomidon towers six hundred feet into the blue, but its outline does not terrify. The lower half of it is of worn sandstone with a thin line of shivering birches against the dull red background. The upper half, dark grey and menacing, is a naked wall of trap; molten lava in the long ago when its flood was spattered out of some prehistoric volcano on to the sandstone. Along the far brink of this wall hangs a fringe of fir trees.

To its left is the giant trough through which the waters of the Bay of Fundy enter the Basin of Minas and Cobequid

THE BOYS AND MEN TACKLE THE DEFUNCT MONSTER WITH KNIVES AND HOOKS AND [illegible] GOBBLE

Bay, swirling like a young Niagara poured up or down at will through the wonderful funnel that has produced the highest tides in the world. These Basins, by the way, have some tales that are older than little Evangeline's Here it was that Champlain landed in 1604 with his gallant and lace-ruffled associates, the Sieur de Monts, commissioned lieutenant of this tenantless Eden, and Monsieur Jean de Biencourt Poutrincourt with other worthy knights from Versailles, who were always invincibly gay, even when the stern winter of St. Croix decimated their party and frost-nipped the survivors.

The following summer they reappeared in the Bay and founded Port Royal; hoisted the intrepid fleur-de-lis to the zip-snapping breezes, danced on the hard-sanded beaches o' nights, and even went so far as to found the jovial Ordre de Bon Temps, as they were never too busy preaching or fur-trading to indulge in pleasure.

Previous to Champlain, before Jacques Cartier, the tale of whose sailing up the St. Lawrence was doubtless carried overland by the Indians, there are other tales connected with Nova Scotia. In Yarmouth by the sea, Yarmouth of the lovely lawns and the supergreen hedges, there is the famous Norse Stone with its all but undecipherable inscription, telling in dotted runes of the visit of the long beaked Viking ships back in the tenth or the eleventh century. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the "Vinland" that so fascinated the yellow-haired adventurers was none other than the same fairyland that charmed the sea-rime out of Champlain's eyes, and later on so melted the rockbound Covenanters that their souls too stretched them at ease in the valleys of sunset. There are several sea-cleaving headlands, one of which may have been that very "Keelness" on which Lief Ericson built himself the first ship ever launched with its nose to the east through the Atlantic fogs.

But even here, soul-deep in the past, we don't need to stop in our quest for Scotia-stories. In the dim days before Hiawatha fought with Mudjekeewis, Minas was a vast lake, home of the Great Beaver who was bigger than all beavers, dam builder who had walled up Fundy. But he was a bad beaver, the enemy of the Micmac Gluskap, the hero of the region, and when the time came there occurred one

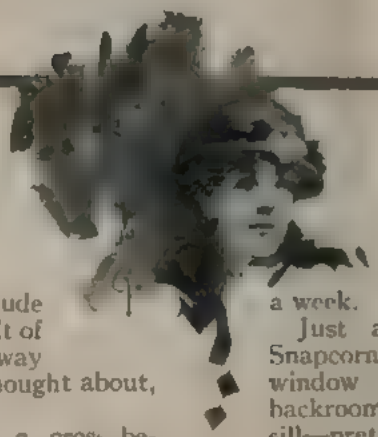
Continued on page 189

WHEN THE DREAM HOLIDAY COMES TO AN END AND THE SHORES OF FAIRY-LAND ARE LEFT BEHIND

27 cents

By Betty Thornley

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



OF course this is a War story. Everything made in Canada has the sound of bugles in it to-day.

They're in the prelude here. But the high lilt of them has just died away in the paragraph I thought about, but didn't write.

The story itself is a cross between "Poor Pauline" and "Come ye Disconsolate."

All right—fire away.

Cynthia had never been christened. She was the seventh (and last) of a long line of girls, and when she yelled her way into the English sunshine or what was left of it under the fog, the doctor remarked, "Well, here's another Cynthy Jane." And the name stuck.

That was characteristic of the chaotic entries in Cynth's autobiography She was very nearly pretty—but not quite. Her grey eyes were always wistfully saying, "I love you," and you instantly wanted to kiss her. Then you looked at her mouth and decided you'd better not. It was a straight little line that knew how to take care of itself. Whether it always had done so, there was no telling

Cynth had very nearly been educated—but not quite. Aunt Fergie who had volunteered to bring her up had died in the second year of the attempt and the baby reverted to Aunt Slosson who couldn't abide books and put her out at service instead.

She had very nearly turned into a typical English "Thankyoumem" with nothing under her little white cap but one little wee thought—and that stillborn. But not quite

Some strong gold thread, a wayward, wander-Viking thread in the girl's nheritance turned her to Canada and Snapcorn.

You've eaten it, haven't you? If not—well, don't. The peanuts are swept off on the floor, Cynth says, and the less said about the sugar bins, the better. The girls are employed at filling boxes for three and a half cents a hundred. And if they work like Sam Hill and Jess Willard, they make four dollars and a half a week.

Just at present, the fastest Snapcornette was sitting by the window of her own dingy little backroom. Her arms were on the sill—pretty arms, made for bracelet. Her chin was on her clever hands, idle for once. Her eyes were on a decayed barn roof opposite where the yellow cat with mange was playing Von Hinderburg to the one-eyed black's Duke Nicholas.

It was Thursday night. Tomorrow would be Good Friday, when you were supposed to eat hot cross buns and roll eggs. Sunday you repented of your sins, donned love and charity with your neighbors also your new five-yards-around-the-bottom suit and your Victorian pillbox hat, and went to church.

That is, you did if you lived in the residential section. Maybe even the downtowners would have afforded a Ladies' Home Journal pattern and fifty-five cent serge enough for a "costoom" if it hadn't of been for this 'ere War

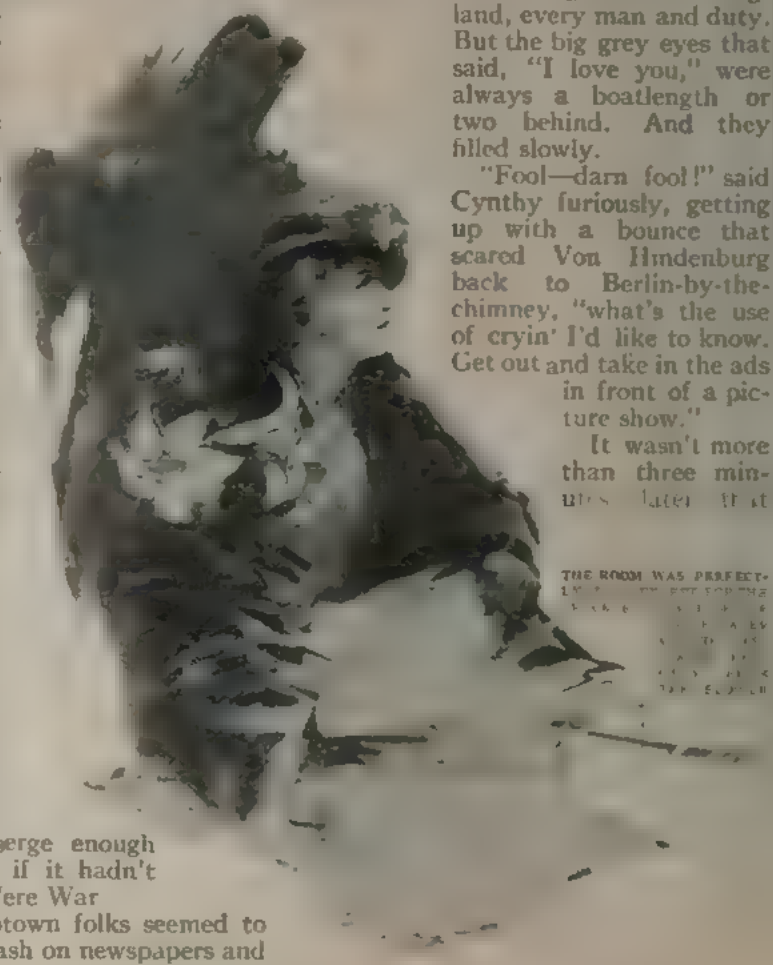
As it was, uptown folks seemed to spend all their cash on newspapers and Patr'ot'c Societies. They didn't carry home the Saturday night [illegible] Snapcorn to their clamoring wives and little ones. Consequently—

"You're an idiot," said Cynthia distinctly, looking at the yellow cat; "No, old sport, I didn't mean you. I meant me—this thing in the window. I have twenty seven—whole—bloomin'—coppers. Even if we don't work to-morrow and Saturday's only a half, and then Sunday off, I guess I can live. I ain't on the Patriotic yet, not by a jugful."

The little thin mouth set itself in the lines that its great-great-grandfather assumed when Nelson's flagship fluttered with the signal about England, every man and duty. But the big grey eyes that said, "I love you," were always a boatlength or two behind. And they filled slowly.

"Fool—darn fool!" said Cynthy furiously, getting up with a bounce that scared Von Hindenburg back to Berlin-by-the-chimney, "what's the use of cryin' I'd like to know. Get out and take in the ads in front of a picture show."

It wasn't more than three min-



THE ROOM WAS PERFECT-

the little figure in the worn blue was dancing down the three flights in the shoes that were always kept polished, even when you had to daub on half the box to cover the places where the cloth tops used to be. "Lucky thing stockings are black too," said Cynthy.

The street wasn't a metropolitan Gay White Way. It was just a scant three blocks of shine one way and four or five the other. But it had six nickel shows on it, three ice cream parlors, and a hurdy gurdy camped by the peanut man.

"Farewell, farewell, ah Lee-oh-no-rah, fare thee well!" quavered off into the darkness to meet the girl as she turned the corner into Duchess Street. She didn't associate any words with the music, but the hauntingness of the tune got her somehow.

"I feel like that," she said to herself, "gee, but I wisht I'd meet one o' the girls! I wanta do something but I don't know what it is."

Crowds surged by her. Yes, they do surge on Duchess Street even if there are only forty thousand possible surgers in the whole town. They were all out to-night, down in baby carriages.

Kennedy's had their window full of candy eggs, and chickens and ducks with the real down on them, and big boxes with girls' heads, filled with dollar-a-pounds. Cynthia wondered shrewdly how much the other girls made who piece-worked on them, and what the other-girls-again were like who got the boxes to-morrow morning from their fellahs. She might have worked in a little socialism just there if she'd known how. But all she thought of was the soda she'd of liked to of got, if she'd of 'ad the price.

She drifted on.

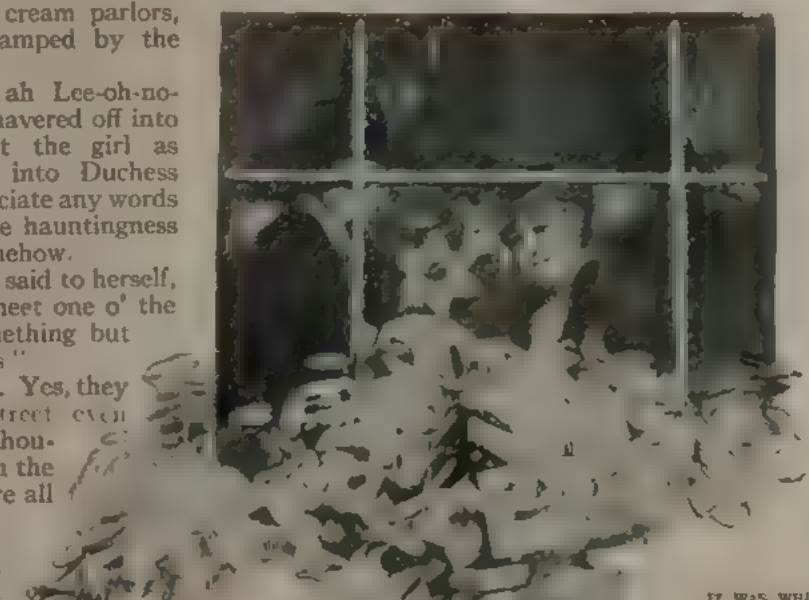
That was the "Unique," that blare of stage-crime and crinkled red and yellow posters, with the phonograph urging you to Texas-Tommy on the sidewalk. Five little coppers onlee fi-i-i-ve—would have squatted one up in the bawlcony for an hour. But when one has twenty-seven such brown discs of commerce to live on for three days, one imitates the Priest and the Levite in the Bible and passes by on the other side. Anyhow, Cynthia wasn't just in a picture mood. If she could have got a canoe, now, an' a swell fellah that played the mandolin—But the mandolin-playing sort didn't like her as a rule. The kind that were attracted would rather play the devil. Oh yes. You know a hang sight more'n it's polite to know, even at nineteen, if you've brought yourself up.

All of a sudden Cynthia came to a stop.

It was Fessenden's window. Full of Easter lilies.

But for Cynthy there was just one lily, like there would some day be just one man.

It was whiter than any lily in the world, and more golden. It leaned out of its place to come over to the glass and look at her. It touched the window, with its head bent.



IT WAS WHITER THAN ANY LILY IN THE WORLD, AND MORE GOLDEN. IT LEANED OUT OF ITS PLACE TO COME OVER TO THE GLASS AND LOOKED AT HER. IT TOUCHED THE WINDOW WITH ITS HEAD BENT. "OH YOU BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL DARLING!" WHISPERED THE GIRL

"Oh you beautiful, *beautiful*!" cried the girl softly, "you darling, darling thing!"

Something in the starved child-soul woke up and held out its arms and cried to the flower. She had never lived in the country, she had never loved green living things, she had no memory-chords to tighten and sing. It was just beauty, breath-taking, heart-catching beauty that called to her.

It was a long moment before she saw the big white card, thrust like a flesh and blood human into a dream of heaven,

LILIES FOR LATE SELLING
TWENTY CENTS.

You've heard about temptation. You've read about the man who is wrenched into two souls before the prospect of something he wants—can get if he tries—but oughtn't even to think about?

Well, that was Cynthy.

Just at this moment, Fiametta from the bananio store pulled the organ across the road, and turned on "Leonora."

The cry, the homesick, heartsick wail of it rushed through the girl like the vocalization of her own longing. And she turned and went into the shop.

A breathless fifteen minutes later she was taking the wrappings off her purchase in her own room. The moon was up. The Allies had disposed of Von Hindie and there wasn't a sound in the world but the crackle-crinkle of the tissue paper.

All the way up street, Cynthy had been upheld, nay, blown along, by a sort of headlong defiance of common sense. Now, as her fingers trembled over the string, she was assailed with a cold doubt—not about to-morrow's dinner. Oh no, that could wait.

But would the lily be as beautiful, *could* it be as beautiful as she remembered it?

The last white shroud fell away and the flower—*he* flower though there were three—leaned out a little, till it rested against the girl's cheek.

There was a sound of a perfunctory tap and the door opened.

"Oh, beg pardon. I didn't know you was in, seein' there was no light. I just come to to—"

It was the janitor's wife who lived on the top floor, until the janitor came home—drunk.

"You see," she explained apologetically, "Tom, 'e's—well, 'e's worse'n usual, and that's some—and now that the furnace's out, I ain't got no call to go down there. So I thought—*Oh*!—"

The faded eyes grew as big and as dark as they used to be before there was any Tom, as the janitor's wife caught sight of the lily.

"Ain't it a beauty!" The new admirer crowded in beside Cynthia. "Seems like I never seen one as big and white in all my life. Don't it seem to you like it was alive?" And she reached out an awestruck finger and timidly touched the wonderful calyx.

There must have been some strange unplantlike spirit in the thing, to so move the two women. Or maybe it was just that they were both tired of twenty-seven cents—and Tom.

Suddenly a Horrible Thought leaned over the girl's shoulder and whispered under her curls.

"You'd oughta give it to her," said the Thought, inexorably, "she's worse off'n you are."

The temptation before the store window was nothing in wracking intensity, to this one. There's a certain unholy

pleasure in being urged to do something you hadn't oughta, that's quite lacking when the moment contains a call to perform something you sure should.

But it was so plain a sure-should that Cynthy's gallant little heart bowed to it

"Here," she said, all in a breath, for fear the reinforcements wouldn't arrive in time, "you can have it."

For a moment the two women both held out their arms to the white glory, Cynthy giving it up, the janitor's wife taking it.

"Oh, I couldn't—"

"Yes, you could now. Run away with it quick, only don't put it where he'll get it."

"Say, but you're the good one. Maybe you'll——"

Cynthy didn't hear the end of the sentence, so absorbed was she in burning her bridges and getting the lily over the door jamb.

Then she came back slowly into the middle of the room.

"A moon's just as white," soliloquized the firm little mouth.

Then the treacherous eyes that were always a boatlength behind, got the better of Cynthy.

"I don't care—I don't care," she sobbed, "I never wa-wanted anything so much before. But I'm *glad* I gave it to her. There now!"

Continued on page 172.

A Question of Transportation

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs

NEXT to a pullman coach give us a nice handmade house, on wheels in summer, on runners when the wilderness world is white with snow, with a baggage box behind, smoke curling from a stove pipe through the roof, children peeping from its window, a woman in a wooden rocker singing a babe to sleep; and all this domesticity towed along by four fat oxen. There is a distinction about a pilgrimage made under these circumstances. When an Indian wishes to make it plain that what he tells you is fact, not hearsay, he remarks, "What a man sees with his eyes is no lie." Just so. And in this matter of using a house for a coach, with oxen as motor power, we speak from experience. It is a migration worth while. There are a dozen houses, each one carrying its full freight of humanity, and the hopes and desires, ambitions and sentiments which pertain to humanity. It creates a stir in solitary places—from Edmonton to Athabaska, from Athabaska to the Peace it is known as the "bull team brigade." It takes its name from the fact that the leading team is made up of six deep-flanked, thick-necked bulls Not a horse in the whole procession. Each moving habitation has its ox team commanded by its sturdy owner—who is, in turn, commanded by the bright faced woman within doors. It is a pilgrimage worthy of a Chaucer, if only there were one to be had.

THESE BITS OF HOMES EACH CARRYING ITS FULL FREIGHT OF JOYFUL, SUFFERING DESIRING HUMANITY, ARE CALLED THE "BULL TEAM BRIGADE"

When our grandfathers brought our grandmothers from the old world to the new the good dames must have found the journey of from six to sixteen weeks well nigh interminable. With nothing to do but watch the water and develop sea-sickness and homesickness, the wonder is that they didn't lose courage altogether. Only their stout-heartedness saved them. Mark the difference, in this exodus from old Ontario to new Alberta, these women carry their everyday interests, their everyday tasks, right with them. Each has her house-keeping to do, even though the house is a moving one—dishes to wash, bread to make, fires to keep up, meals to cook, children to look after. With her household gods around her, a cradle in the corner, the walnut bed and bureau, the bookcase with its precious contents packed in excelsior, and its frame filled with wearing apparel and eatables, with baking board and rolling pin in evidence, she finds it easy to adapt herself. The woman who has plenty to cook with and many to cook for, has a never failing fund of interest. She is a blither, better travelling companion than milady of the pullman coach with nothing to do but enjoy herself, no one to manage but the darkey porter. Occupation spells content.

We are neighbors to a bride and groom, near neighbors, they having the house next to ours. She is a girl from an Ontario manse; he abandoned the study of law to join the homesteading ranks. This is their honeymoon trip; and, judging by appearances, leaves nothing to be desired. He is proud of her, she is proud of herself, deliciously so. This structure, with a bobsleigh as a foundation, is the first house she ever kept, and merely to watch her shake the table cloth is enough to show you that she has no regrets. These are the ones that sing the evening hymn without a

"HOW'D WE HAPPEN TO START OUT TOGETHER?" SAID ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF THE PRAIRIE. "WE DIDN'T HAPPEN NOT BY A LONG SHOT. WE PLANNED A LONG AND STEADY

tremble in their voices, unless it be of happiness. They smile at the big spaces, loneliness, hardship—their life lies all ahead.

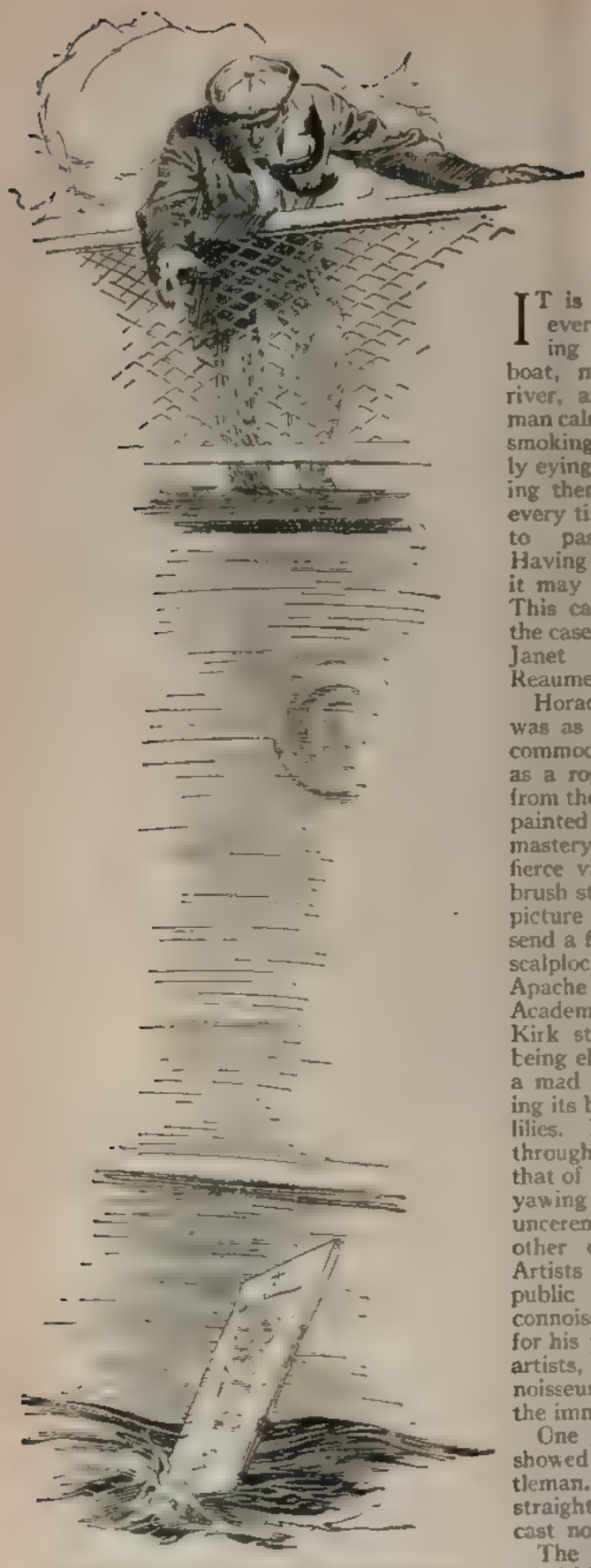
Driving oxen develops the lungs. All day [a] man tramps along beside his team, cracking his long whip commanding, wheedling, railing, arguing, consigning. Oxen are patient beasts, but aggravating—they are patient even in their aggravating—will jog along for hours sober as judges, but let the homesteader relax his vigilance long enough to light his pipe, or chase a rabbit, a fox, a coyote, and they wake up to sudden briskness in order to turn the wrong corner, or make a bolt off the trail altogether.

The days are strenuous, but the long evenings are for rest and sociability. The leader picks out the camping spot, marshals the others to their appointed places, and presently the dozen houses cluster like a village, with lights in their windows, smoke and more smoke rising from their stovepipes, a cheery clatter of voices, a smell of supper cooking. That the life in the open gives an appetite goes without saying. But, no matter how hungry or tired the man is, he neither eats or rests until his oxen are given attention. And such attention! Each big clumsy fellow is fed and watered, groomed and rubbed as if he were a race horse, his fetlocks cleaned, his hoofs inspected. "If I play out someone else can take my team along while I rest up," the man will tell you, "but if one of my oxen plays out he stops the procession. On the trail he is an important fellow."

There is no secrecy in this big north country. Not much goes on, but the little that does is known and discussed, be sure of that. News of the bull team brigade, incidents connected with it, the runaway at Charl Paul's, the upsetting of one of the houses in making a sudden turn on the great hill overlooking the Hart river, the day's delay occasioned by the men going off after a grey fox that led them a merry chase, and gave them the slip, after all, the number of miles covered each day, everything is carried. How? Who can tell? "The wind bloweth where it listeth."—you know the rest. For one thing, there is the government telegraph. You never get out of sight of the poles, which run like messengers of hope along wilderness trails and far off highways. They go with you from Athabaska to Bald Hill, from there on to Tomato Point, Moose Portage, Sawridge, Grouard, straight on through the hundred mile portage between Lesser Slave lake and Peace River Crossing, on to Allie Brick's, to Harris' Settlement, to Burnt Creek, Dunvegan, Edson Trail, Grand Prairie—to Hudson's Hope, Fort Vermilion, and still on and on toward the Arctic regions It means money and labor to keep the lines in order, for nature "just naturally" resents the telegraph as an intrusion, and with her electric storms, her forest fires, and big winds, does her best to give it a bad time—and succeeds. But the thing is worth it. To the dweller it is a godsend. It links him with the outside world, brings him the news of the day, keeps him up to date. The operator is an individual of note, sought after, and cultivated. He knows who takes the trail, and when, and where. It is not hidden from him how many "permits," meaning how many bottles of liquor are on their way. To-morrow he will know of their arrival, and also their effect; the news that is ticked from Poplar Point to Big Fish Bay, the gossip as to marriages made, and marriages unmade; what the stork is doing by the way of helping Alberta achieve her promised population; who is sick, or dead! The operator is too good-hearted to keep news to himself.

EACH MOVING HABITATION HAS ITS OX TEAM, COMMANDED BY ITS STURDY OWNER—WHO IN TURN IS COMMANDED BY HIS WIFE BUT MIGHTY SUPERIOR OFFICERS

Continued on page 186.



HE LEANED FAR OVER THE BULWARKS AND DROPPED THE FRENCH-CANADIAN CABIN, FIREPLACE, PIPE AND ALL IN WATERS DYED RED BY A SINKING SUN

Toting a Grouch

By James Barr

Illustrated by V. C. Forsythe

IT is a fact demonstrable that every time a pretty girl, piloting her own 30-knot motor boat, meets, floating down the river, an old French Canadian man calmly seated by his fireplace, smoking rank tobacco and dreamily eying his ancient musket hanging there above the mantelpiece, every time such a meeting comes to pass complications arise. Having claimed this demonstrable it may be wise to demonstrate. This can be done by instancing the case of the meeting between Janet James and old Rene Reaume.

Horace Kirk, artist of London, was as amiable, as affable, as accommodating, as approachable, as a rogue elephant newly driven from the herd. Yet Horace Kirk painted for all time. A primitive mastery glowed in his work, a fierce virility shone in his every brush stroke. He could paint a picture of savagery that would send a fierce chill coursing from scalplock to moccasin over an Apache war chief. A Royal Academician? No, no. Horace Kirk stood as much chance of being elected to the Academy as a mad rhinoceros stands of having its brows crowned with Arum lilies. Indeed Horace Kirk's path through life might be likened to that of some gross-built leviathan yawing down the Thames, and unceremoniously shouldering all other craft out of the way. Artists hated him, the general public knew little about him, connoisseurs bid up to thousands for his paintings and already all, artists, general public and connoisseurs, counted him among the immortals.

One June morning his servant showed into Kirk's studio a gentleman. The artist sat glowering straight in front of him, and he cast no glance at his guest.

The visitor's cigar had burned to within two inches of his lips when Kirk, not once having glanced at the stranger, growled out:

"What do you want?"

"Civility."

"And after that?"

"Civility."

"I hear you. And after that?"

"Civility."

Horace Kirk snatched the pipe from his teeth and sprang to his feet. He bellowed:

"Good God! Am I to be harassed by a human parrot that can utter nothing but 'Civility, civility, civility' Confound you, give me variety of imbecility."

"Not till I receive civility."

Horace Kirk kicked a chair floundering out of his way and crashed out of the studio. The visitor did not move till he had finished his first and lighted his second cigar, then he quietly left, saying a few telling words to Kirk's servant before he disappeared.

Next morning Horace Kirk sat in his great chair and—entered the visitor of yesterday. This time without preliminary pause the stranger seated himself and smoked. Kirk shifted his eyes so that he could scrutinize the man's face. Finding his presence acknowledged the visitor swung a small table into position, took from his pocket a bundle of papers, and as he spoke he spread each paper indicated on the table

"This," he said, "is a check for five thousand guineas. It is drawn on the Bank of England, which, I guess, possesses enough loose change to meet the check without having to break bullion. This next is a ticket which holds for you a suite of rooms on the *Mauretania*, a modern canoe which paddles her way between Liverpool and New York. She sails the first of August. Your suite of rooms is complete, therefore you need not come in contact with passengers who have the temerity to travel in the same coracle as you. Next again you will find directions to guide you when you reach New York. It may save your eyes if I tell you that my private car will await you at the New York Central depot to take you, without publicity or fuss, to Detroit. It is to get you to Detroit that all the arrangements have been made, for in Detroit lives my mother, and I wish you to paint her portrait. That is all I have to say. I am obliged to you for so patiently hearing me out. Good morning."

Horace Kirk smoked on for half an hour before reaching forth and taking

the check between finger and thumb. Five thousand guineas, sure enough! and signed "Neil Methuen." Kirk lighted a wax vesta and applied it to the edge of the check, watching the flame until the heat began to scorch his fingers, when he placed the burning thing on the floor and piled on top of it the passage ticket and instructions. A little while later he was stirring with his toe the pile of black ashes.

"Confound your check, confound your ticket, confound your instructions, and confound you, Neil Methuen, whoever you happen to be. Portrait! Why should I paint a portrait? America? Why should I go to America? I know no reason why I should do any such journey so, so, by thunder, I'll go! I'll go now. I'll go to spite this man."

Throughout the voyage across the Atlantic Horace Kirk spoke to no soul he could escape addressing. Most of his time was spent with arms folded upon the bulwarks, his eyes flashing black savagery to the savagery of the sea. For a few days he stalked about New York's slums, gloating over the chaos and undiscipline of the place, then took train west to Detroit, where, at the best hotel, he registered as Horace Foster of New York.

A glance at the directory gave him Methuen's address, a number on Woodward Avenue so high in the hundreds that the artist was obliged to jot it down for remembrance. It was eleven in the morning when he made out into the blatant sunshine of an American July day, and strode along the uncompromisingly white pavement upon which the sun's rays sputtered. At length he came to a white stone mansion standing fifty yards back from the pavement and bearing the number he sought. A green lawn unencumbered by wall or hedge, began at the artist's toes, and ran in graceful delicate slope up to the foundations of the house, and, dividing this lawn in two, a white stone footpath led from the pavement to the front door. While Kirk stood wondering why he had come to America, and having come to America why he had come to Detroit, and having come to Detroit why he stood before this house when he had not the slightest intention of fulfilling the desire of Neil Methuen by painting an old woman's portrait. Then with a toss of his shaggy head, he stalked up the footpath and vigorously rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Methuen, senior, in?" he demanded of the maid who opened the door.

"Mrs. Methuen, senior, junior and all between is in," answered the girl saucily.

"There is one Mrs. Methuen only?"

"So far as I know."

"Oh, lack of worldly knowledge is not your especial failing, if I am a judge. Tell Mrs. Methuen that Horace Foster, of London has called."

"Is it a personal visit, or are you selling something?" asked the girl.

"Both!" barked Kirk with such a thunder as to almost blow the self-satisfied maid off her feet. But it accomplished his purpose.

Along the hall she swept and throwing open a door showed in her uncapped head, crying: "A bear from somewhere to see you."

In a high-backed, low-seated, spacious rocking chair sat a woman so old that in stature she was as a little girl again, and in color and wrinkles as a well-seasoned walnut kernel. The great chair seemed to fling protecting arms round her, and in it she sat as a precious pearl in a gnarled seashell. She had been knitting, but now her tiny hands lay in her lap, and her eyes of wonderful pale blue looked up at the visitor, nor appeared to require the aid of glasses. Instantly Horace Kirk's whole soul went out to the old lady, so old, so old. Softly he shut the door, gently he approached her.

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me who will not be able to go about much now," she said, speaking dreamily, yet distinctly. "Draw a chair up near to me, and tell me what it will be that the girl was calling you, for I did not catch your name."

"She called me 'bear,' mother," said Horace Kirk, sitting down and taking the old lady's wizened hand between his two great palms. He spoke softly and affectionately as a child.

"And, Mr. Bear, where will it be that you are coming from?"

"From England, mother."

"Then it's you that will have seen my boy; it's you that will be knowing all about him. It would be well he was when you saw him last?"

"Excellently well, mother."

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me, kind of you." He continued to stroke her wrinkled hand. After a time she picked up the stocking she had been knitting and measured it against a finished one, for she was drawing very close to the intricate business of the heel. Suddenly she glanced with some concern at the artist.

"Was it his gray pair of stockings he would be wearing, or his magenta when you saw him last?" she asked.

"His gray pair, mother," definitely replied Horace Kirk, who knew nothing at all about the matter.

"I have told Neil, time and time again I have told Neil, that the magenta ones are thicker, but he will always be for wearing the gray."

"Neil told me that if I asked you he thought you would allow me to come here and paint a portrait of you. I am what they call an 'artist,' and your son would like to have a portrait of you. You can knit, and I can paint, and we can talk and that will please your son."

"It's very welcome you will be, Mr. Bear, very welcome, and I can just get your measure for a pair of stockings, for I have been

THAT EVENING HORACE KIRK'S MASTERPIECE HUNG LIKE A RED MAN'S IDOL FROM THE BRANCH OF A MAPLE TREE

noticing that you will be like Neil, wearing those good-for-nothing store things."

"It's what I hoped you would do for me, mother," he said.

But it is time something was heard of Miss Janet James, her 30-knot motor boat, and her daring rescue of the old man, his cabin, gun and fireplace.

Past the broad face of Detroit flows a majestic river, lordly as the prairies, and forming the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the Republic. This noble river enfolds many lovely islands in its sweep on to the lake, islands fringed with sedges and bulrushes and long, lovely water grasses, and bearing on their backs splendid forest trees. These spots are favorite camping places for city-weary folk, as well as for souls so fortunately circumstanced as never to need to grow weary of any one spot on this green earth. And under the spread of broad branches this hot July, there clustered a tiny hamlet of tents of many dyes and shapes, gaily caparisoned with bannerettes and penons, betokening denizens of taste and wealth. The inhabitants of this little gaily decorated community consisted of thirty girls who were living the simple life in a deliciously complicated way. Off the little wooden pier rode half-a-dozen motor boats, polished and burnished.

And this evening when the sun had set, and the great full moon laid her chin on the bosom of the river to gaze athwart the world, Miss Janet James became possessed of the conviction that she would cast loose the *Water Lily* and run the quarter-hundred miles that lay between the island and Detroit. So she called to Lucy Dewson, engineer of the *Water Lily* (male folk were strictly taboo in and about the encampment) and Lucy at once donned her blue jean overall, and took her place at the motor while Janet James, captainette, herself took the wheel, and half-a-dozen girls clambered aboard. Perhaps six miles of moon-gilded waters the *Water Lily* had run. Her prow was heaved in the air, the spray spun from her bow, angry coils of water hissed from her sides, and many tresses of Janet James' hair streamed and fluttered in the air as if in ecstasy at the exhilarating speed. The knot of rosy girls chatted and laughed, but the captainette was strictly service, keeping a keen lookout a head. On a sudden Janet James detected some strange object coming along with the stream, bobbing and nodding as if in delight at meeting with such an argosy of beauty and good cheer.

Janet James, first signaling for the engine to slow down, sheered over to have a squint at the object. Object! Much more than an object. There the wild-eyed girls beheld an old French Canadian seated, comfortably as you please, by his fireside in his cabin, with his old musket over the fireplace and the crucifix on the wall. Such a thing had never been heard of in that or any other part of the world, and when the first shock of surprise passed all hands set to work to salve man and cabin and musket and crucifix.

THE LEAST LIKELY SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE WAS OFTEN THE MOST CHERISHED [illegible] OF THE CANADIAN ARTIST

On the second day of his stay in Detroit Horace Kirk discovered the river, and those wonderful double-decked ferry steamers. And when he found that for a trifle he could secure a passage on the upper deck where, in a comfortable rocking-chair, he could sit as long as it suited him, drifting from shore to shore with before his eyes a bewitching panorama of water and sky, city and shipping, while the cool breezes tossed to him, in delightful alternative, redolences of land and lake, he let no afternoon pass without hastening down to the dock and taking passage

One afternoon, feeling the want of a walk, the artist stepped off the ferry on the Canadian side, strode up the slanting street, and holding straight away from the river found himself, hot and dusty, seven miles deep into the country, standing before a French Canadian log house.

Here indeed was the antithesis of the Detroit mansion in everything except ing that extreme old age [illegible] each abode. The Highland woman was old, but here sat a French Canadian *habitant* so wizened and wrinkled and shrunk that Horace Kirk refrained from attempting to guess his age. Yet the old man smoked his pipe with relish, and answered the few questions put to him with quiet dignity. The two, however, soon lapsed into silence, smoking pipeful after pipeful, and during the quiet few minutes a mutual understanding seemed to grow, so much that when Kirk arose to go, and with he held the ancient *habitant's* hand, he simply said

"I will bring my paints and canvas to-morrow when I come."

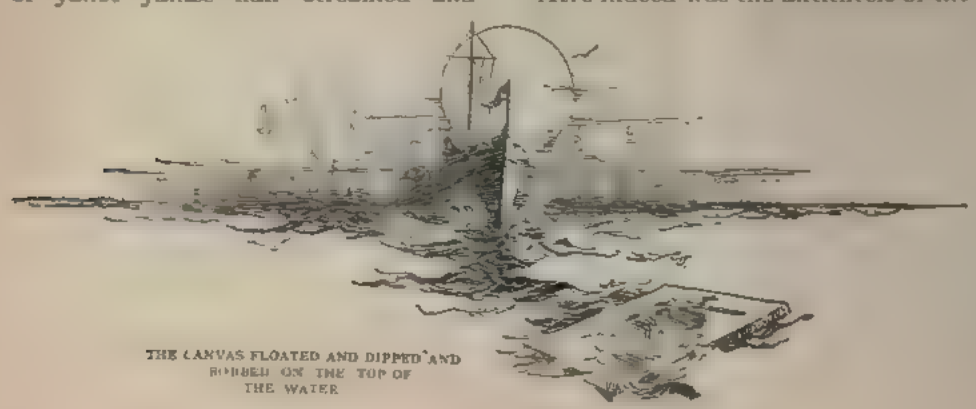
"I shall be glad to see you," was the reply given in French.

Next afternoon Horace Kirk made the acquaintance of a customs officer the first customs officer of his life. When he reached the Canadian side with a canvas under his arm and a paint box slung to his shoulder, and, paying not the least attention to the customs man, stalked on for out the gate and up the street, he was quickly brought to a stop.

"What's in that parcel?" demanded the man

"What's that to you?" barked the artist, savagely

The officer grinned a sarcastic grin snubbed his thumb over his shoulder, indicating the office and said: "Step in and declare."



THE CANVAS FLOATED AND DIPPED AND BOBBED ON THE TOP OF THE WATER

"Declare! Declare! What the devil have I to declare!"

What's in that parcel?"

"This parcel? Don't you know a canvas when you see one?"

Horace Kirk smote with his open palm against the brown paper covering.

"Not until it is declared a canvas," replied the official, soft voiced.

"I declare it *is* a canvas."

"Now we're getting on. Keep it up. Step into the office, show the canvas, and declare."

Horace Kirk, all his natural malice against his fellow men in general stirred to its depths, hesitated one moment, then plunged into the examination room. Action and word agreeing he declared:

"With my left hand I bare my head, I lay my right hand on my throbbing heart, I raise my eyes to heaven and with trembling soul and knees knocking together I affirm, I declare, aye, I swear that beneath this brown paper, a pearl in a shell, reposes an unspotted, commercial canvas. Before gods and men I swear—unless the shopman did a thimble-and-pea trick on me when doing up the parcel. I swear, I swear!"

For a moment the customs man in the office stared his sense of propriety, his dignity jolted, but the next instant he recognized Kirk as an Englishman, and that explained everything. Englishmen were all fools. Horace Kirk railed on.

"A canvas! A canvas of no moment, bare as the Sahara, unprofitable as the sands. But I, sir, am a magician. I have with me in this box several wands tipped with hair of the otter, and those wands I shall wave across the face of the canvas, metamorphosing it from raw material into a thing of beauty to be treasured by princes through ages and——"

"What did you pay for the canvas?" demanded the officer.

"Eight dollars in good hard paper money."

"There'll be two dollars duty on taking this into Canada."

"Very well. Here, Dominion, you have two dollars. The price of the picture I shall paint on this canvas was to have been ten thousand dollars. I shall now add two whole dollars to that price."

Horace Kirk strode off, leaving behind him an official who considered himself belittled.

A belittled man is given to thinking, and this official thought to some purpose. He said to himself:

"A foreign painter in temporary residence in Detroit. . . . Going to paint a ten thousand dollar picture. . . . Of course he must intend to take the painting into the States when it is finished. . . . There is a heavy duty on paintings he forgets that. . . . I'll just slip across the river and let the Yankee customs know the price this Englishman puts on his paintings. . . . . I think he will wish he had sung smaller by the time he pays 33% on his ten thousand dollars."

Sure enough, ten days later, when Horace Kirk stepped off the ferry steamer carrying his greater than Josef Israel painting of an ancient French Canadian, his cabin, musket and crucifix, and when he was about to walk off the avenue he heard:

"I must ask what you have there."

Horace Kirk confronted the officer.

"And I suppose I must answer?"

"The law that compels me to ask compels you to answer," replied the officer.

"Well, my man, let us obey idiot law idiotically administered. What I have here is a square yard of canvas stretched on strips of pine and smeared over with certain pigments. The smearing is cleverly done, although I say it who should not, and the canvas will be cherished. Now you know as much as I do."

"Yes, that's all I want to know, but I guess in the office they'll want to know some more. Step in"

The customs officer cocked his thumb over his right shoulder indicating the way to the office.

"But I have already paid duty on this canvas in Canada," protested Kirk.

"The United States has not yet assumed responsibility for Canada. What they have done to you over in Canada affects us in no way Pass in."

"Mighty fine painting," said the officer inside, scarcely glancing at the painting.

"Thank you," said Kirk, sarcastically. "I have not many doubts on that score, but what doubt I have you put to flight. It *is* a mighty fine painting."

"I should judge it to be worth about ten thousand dollars."

"I am not here to contradict you."

"Then the duty will be three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars," said the officer with a smile.

Horace Kirk made a rapid calculation reducing dollars to pounds.

"Seriously, you do not mean to tell me you expect me to pay six hundred and sixty-six pounds to take a picture of my own painting into the States?"

"Seriously I do."

"If I decline to pay what is the alternative?"

"The painting cannot enter. You must take it back to Canada."

"Confound me if I do not take it back," barked Horace Kirk angrily, laying hold of the picture.

"You are quite welcome," said the officer genially, adding as Kirk reached the door, "I'm afraid you will find, when you reach the Canadian shore, that they have a customs house there, too."

The last shaft struck home, and Horace Kirk found himself seated in an easy chair on the upper deck of the ferry cruising forward and back between two shores on which stood two customs officers waiting for him to land. All of a sudden he got upon his feet, took the painting in his hand, leaned far over the bulwarks of the steamer, and, as near as might be to the middle

Continued on page 172.

"IF YOU WILL BE SEATED WHAT I HAVE TO SAY WILL NOT TAKE LONG. JUST GLANCE AT THE PICTURE," SHE SAID

In the Forefront

EDSON J CHAMBERLIN CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC; MOTHER JONES, EIGHTY-THREE AND STILL FIGHTING; H F GADSBY WHO POKES THE STATESMEN IN THE RIBS; MISS JEAN GRAHAM OF TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Edson J. Chamberlin

The man who did the work—rose from Clerk in Traffic Office to Presidency of Great System.

By Richard Tobin

THE copy chief for one of the big advertising agencies sat studying an order from the executive department for a new series of copy for a big railway account. He bent over his desk scribbled a bit and then leaned back in his chair as he approvingly read over his production.

"D'you think this will bring them over the line this summer?" he asked his office mate.

"'Twouldn't surprise me to hear of you bringing 'em from Cape Horn—shoot—what you got now, shoe paste or sulkey plows?"

"Neither—new summer tourist copy for the Grand Trunk Pacific—Listen to this! 'Route of Innumerable Wonder To and From the Pacific Coast. Visit the California Expositions through Canadian Prairie Provinces, Snow Capped Mountains of British Columbia and The Norway of America, ('00 Mile Ocean Voyage) via Prince Rupert, B.C., Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Wash., Portland, Ore., to San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.'"

Mr. Wiseman, copy artist, thought he had pulled a great stroke. He was confident that when his advertisement was published, as is now being done, in most of the large centers in the United States, the Grand Trunk Pacific railway would be swamped with tourist business.

But Mr. Wiseman sitting at his office desk was pretty much of a piker compared with the big subject he was handling. It rather taxed his mind to think out a short description of the trans-Canadian vacation jaunt from the States to the California fairs. His friends had never accused him of sufficient mental calibre to be able to plan such a railway as he had written about, or marshal the forces to carry the plan to accomplishment. Such a thing required supreme imagination. It called for the mark of a builder as well as a master executive.

Edson J. Chamberlin, who succeeded Charles M. Hays as the chief executive of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway system, is said to represent the real imagination that made Mr. Wiseman's piece of advertising copy possible. For when President Hays went down in the ill-fated Titanic, it was the Chamberlin type of brains and personal force that gathered up the situation and lead it through to a successful accomplishment.

Every citizen of the Empire remembers with sorrow how President Hays returning from a meeting of Grand Trunk directors with the plans for the completion of the trans-Canadian railway, went to his death. It was a natural sequence that Mr. Chamberlin should be chosen for Mr. Hays' place in view of the part he had played in the West in connection with the original plans for extension of the company's main and branch lines. The late Mr. Hays told some of his directors that the reason he picked Mr. Chamberlin for his master of construction in the West was because of his long record in this branch of the railway industry. He pointed to Mr. Chamberlin's accomplishments on the Canadian Atlantic, his work in building a branch line for the Delaware and Hudson from Rouse's Point to Montreal and finally his four years of railway construction work in Mexico. It was President Hays' idea that construction work on the new Grand Trunk Pacific lines must be pushed rapidly to completion so that the millions of dollars already tied up in new roadbeds and rolling stock might be turned into an income-pro

THE HARBOR ENTRANCE TO THE TERMINUS OF THE G. T. P.—THE COMPLETION OF WHICH IS JOTTED DOWN TO THE CREDIT OF E. J. CHAMBERLIN

ducing property as quickly as possible. For this reason Mr. Hays demanded a man who knew the "hows", "whys", and "wherefores" of railway construction work and who could put it through with the least possible delay at a reasonable cost.

Mr. Chamberlin's career in the transportation industry has been quite noteworthy, even before he was chosen by the president of the Grand Trunk to act as the construction executive on the transcontinental lines. A native of New Hampshire, he started his railway career as a clerk in the general offices of the Central Vermont railway. In this position he soon demonstrated to his superiors he was not a mere machine but that he had ideas about the transportation business that were of value. He was promoted from one position to another. After thirteen years with this line he was named general superintendent of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railway between Rouse's point and Ogdensburg in New York.

In 1886 J. R. Booth, the multi-millionaire lumber operator, conceived the idea of building a line of railway to tap his vast timber interests from Parry Sound to Lake Champlain. Many rail construction engineers of experience said the project was not practical because of the difficulties that would be encountered and because of the sparsely settled territory through which most of the line would be routed. Booth picked Chamberlin to build his railway which, after construction, was given the name of Canada Atlantic. Mr. Chamberlin remained at the head of this road until 1905 when his line was absorbed by the Grand Trunk railway.

The reputation of Mr. Chamberlin is said by railway men to have been made, when he built the bridge over the St. Lawrence. When he took charge of the Canada Atlantic the road consisted of 128 miles of track, extending from Ottawa to Lake Champlain, and broken in the middle by the St. Lawrence, over which the business was carried by ferry. Mr. Chamberlin's headquarters were in Ottawa. When the decision had been reached to build the bridge, he moved his office from the city to the side of the St. Lawrence, and personally superintended every detail of the building operations.

A world record was broken during the summer, and the structure was in use in the fall. The piers were set up in the Coteau rapids, where there was a depth of twenty-seven feet, and where the current was nine miles an hour. A new method of construction was evolved to solve the difficulties of the situation, and the great project was carried through without mishap. The performance was stated by experts to have been the greatest feat in bridge building in the world.

The construction of the Ottawa, Arnprior, and Parry Sound railway was commenced in 1893, and was completed in 1896, 254 miles being added to the system. In the meantime the Rockland and Hawkesbury line had been completed, and the main line had been extended into Swanton, Vermont, making connection there with the American lines. When the Grand Trunk began negotiations for the purchase of the property, the company owned 458 miles of steel, operated five large steel steamers and enjoyed an excellent reputation. The deal went through, and Mr. Chamberlin went into private business as a railway builder, constructing first a line for the Delaware and Hudson from Rouse's Point to Montreal. He remained in this private enterprise for four years, and succeeded in amassing a comfortable fortune.

Between the late C. M. Hays and Mr. Chamberlin there had existed for many years a very close mutual friendship, the result of which was the entrance on the part of the latter on the responsible position of vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Chamberlin was reluctant to return to railway life as an operating and construction official, but yielded to the solicitations of his personal friend. It is well known that he would not be in railway work at the present time were it not for the pressure brought to bear on him by Mr. Hays. He is a man of quick decision and excellent judgment, affable in speech, and of quiet and retiring manner. His early railway work was done with few tools, his training being of a kind to fit him for responsibility.

Mother Jones—Still Fighting!

The little old lady of eighty-three, who organizes riots in Colorado, gets tried for her life in West Virginia, and hobnobs with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York.

By Don Hunt

CANADA is blessed with many nice old ladies who are among the most popular and best beloved people in the land. Every city, every village, every countryside has its share of these cherished old folks. Canada, however, sixty years ago lost, to the United States, one woman who, if she had stayed here, would now be in her eighty-third year. This nice old lady was brought from Ireland to Toronto at the age of seven. She attended the schools of that city, first the public schools, then the high school, and finally a convent, where she was trained in all the peaceful arts which would fit her to be a gentle, patient old lady when she would reach the age of eighty.

And this nice old lady dresses to-day suitably enough. Her clothes are black, and she wears a little bonnet "becoming to one of her age." When she moves about, she carries her belongings tied together in a black shawl. Her hair is white, her features benevolent.

"Too bad," everyone will say, "that she didn't stay in Canada, especially in Toronto to join the ranks of those dear old ladies who grace family life in the Ontario capital." As a matter of fact, however, although undoubtedly there are some in Canada who would welcome her here, there are others who would rather feel inclined to give thanks daily that she does not live in the country where she was educated. Among those who feel this sense of relief are the police authorities, all sorts of orthodox politicians, employers of labor, and those citizens generally who like a quiet life.

For, although "Mother Jones" was brought up traditionally in that centre of traditionalism, Toronto, and although to-day, at the age of eighty-three, her hair is white and she does carry a shawl strap, yet in all the United States there is probably no more turbulent force than she. Two years ago, when she was already over eighty, she was on trial for her life before a military court in West Virginia, and was in danger of being executed; in 1914, she spent three months as a prisoner in Trinidad, Colorado, and if she isn't in jail somewhere to-day, she must be growing neglectful of her past record and achievements.

Who is this Mother Jones, the ex-Canadian, who has such strange tastes in the way of spending her old age? Mother Jones is one of the organizers of the United Mine Workers of America and for the past thirty years, whenever

the miners have had fights with their employers (and that has been almost constantly in some part or other of the States), this little woman has been in the thickest of the thick

After she left Toronto, led probably by the hereditary influence of her father, an Irish agitator, she went down to the Southern States to follow up her interest in sociology by working in the cotton mills and thus at first hand investigated the problem of women and child labor. She found conditions so bad that she became a propagandist for radical reform

After that, she was married, had four children in five years, and lost them all in an epidemic of yellow fever. Since that time, she has given herself exclusively to the labor movement, and to the most exciting and dangerous phases of the industrial revolution.

Take, for example, her 1913 adventures in West Virginia That State was going through one of those violent labor disturbances which must be one of the deepest worries of thoughtful citizens in the republic In the mining districts particularly, a strike is usually more than a strike—it is a civil war. We had a little taste of it in Nanaimo, but fortunately there the disease was comparatively mild In West Virginia there were pitched battles between the miners and the militia, and the most serious of these engagements was the "Battle of Mucklow." Even before that time, twenty-five or thirty people had been killed, and the military authorities, according to the labor men, must have been as autocratic and as bloodthirsty as the Prussian Junkers ever were

The leader in this war, on the side of labor, was Mother Jones, eighty-one years old. It was she who inspired the drooping spirits of the men being overborne in the struggle. It was she, who, day and night, marched from cabin to cabin, exhorting the miners to resist and fight for their rights. Then came the Battle of Mucklow and the arrest of the woman agitator. The officials in their kindness of heart, told her she was likely to be executed. Such threats, however, had no terrors for Mother Jones; she was too much accustomed to prisons, to trials, and to the danger of death. Her answer to the threat is worth repeating: "I haven't long to live anyhow," she declared unflinchingly, "and since I have to die, I would rather die for the cause for which I have given so much of my life. My death would call attention throughout the whole United States to conditions in West Virginia. It would be worth while for that reason."

Mother Jones did not die. She was alive enough to go to Colorado after that, and to take a leading part in the equally serious battles between the miners and the military in that State. Fifteen years before, she had led a party of wild eyed, desperate women through the woods of Pennsylvania, yelling and screaming in their madness, inciting the miners not to give up their fight against the mine owners and the soldiers, but to do bitter deeds and to get their rights at all cost

MILITANT MOTHER JONES
Who fights, not for women's votes, but for workmen's rights

Surely Mother Jones deserves to rank with the "Menads" and the "Judiths" of the Women's Insurrection in the French Revolution. As for Mrs. Pankhurst, an American writer thinks that Mother Jones in her militancy (not for women's votes, but for workmen's rights) has thrown into the shade the militancy of the whole family of Pankhursts, mother, daughters and all!

Mother Jones is most elusive; it is almost impossible to locate her, unless there is a bloody strike in progress (bloody in the literal sense, not as used by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion.") In times of peace, however, this old lady can scarcely be found Letters addressed to her at various points are almost sure, after many days and devious wanderings, to return to the sender via the Dead Letter office She herself lists her address as "Where the Battle for Human Liberty Rages," but this is almost as Alice-in-Wonderland a place as is the North Pole for the residence of Mr. Santa Claus.

For a few days in January of the present year, the public did know where Mother Jones was, and, for once in her life, she was on a peaceful mission. She was attending in New York City the famous sessions of the Commission on Industrial Relations which, among other things, investigated the Rockefeller Foundation and the relation of the Rockefellers to the Colorado coal strikes.

Mother Jones, as a result of her activities at the time of those disturbances, had been thrown into prison, and therefore she knew history out there pretty well. When Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., entered the court room, he saw her, and came to speak to her. 'I wish you would come over and tell me what you know of the situation in Colorado,' he said to her.

"Well, that's nice of you," replied the old lady, with the little black bonnet. "I always said you could never know what those hirelings out there were doing."

And the very next day Mother Jones did have a long talk with the younger Rockefeller in his office at 26 Broadway. That interview was of great interest to Canadians, for the third person present was Mackenzie King, the famous Canadian public man who has made for himself an international reputation as a conciliator in industrial disputes, and who is now investigator on labor conditions for the Rockefeller Foundation, a position of immense importance and responsibility. Mr. King, by the way, has been in Colorado several months of this year, trying to bring peace out of the warlike conditions in that region.

This talk among Mother Jones, Rockefeller and Mackenzie King must have been unique in the annals of conversation. At its close, Mother Jones entered into a brisk chat in regard to the interview.

Continued on page 172.

Jean Graham

She is a journalist, a humorist, a scrapper—because she is "Irish on both sides!"

By Irene B. Wrenshall

IT is said that there could not be a writer by any possible chance who had not at least one drop of Irish blood in his veins. But when the ancestors on both sides are from Cork and Killarney, — it's little wonder that the journalistic spirit runs high.

Born in Durham County, near Port Hope, our heroine's father was the late Rev. James Graham, while her grandfather on her mother's side, was the Rev. Dr. Wellington Jeffers, a native of Cork, and Editor of the *Christian Guardian* in the early sixties. Consequently as the daughter of a Methodist minister going from one place to another in Ontario, Miss Graham learned, as a child, to know places and people, and to understand, and be keenly interested in human nature.

Reading was her delight from early childhood, and among the books she gained a liberal education and a taste for good literature, which bore fruit later on. Hamilton Ladies' College was chosen for the place of her education and a little later she took specialist standing in English and History at Toronto University.

After her graduation she decided to take up teaching in the Collegiate Institute, and taught most successfully at Barrie, Strathroy and Kingston, followed by three years teaching in the Presbyterian College for Women, Charlotte, North Carolina. If there is one particular characteristic of Miss Graham's which stands out above the others, it is her interest in girls, and these three years were exceedingly happy and useful ones.

Just at this time she decided to try her hand at journalism and achieved instant success her series of burlesque literary interviews appearing in New York "*Life*" beginning with "When Thompson Seton's Ernest." This series of sketches, written in a delightfully humorous vein spontaneous and vivid, attracted wide-spread attention, and so interested in the brilliance of her work was Mr. Shepherd, the then editor of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, that in 1903 she was invited to become a member of the staff of that journal as a writer of special articles. The *Canadian Magazine* also desired Miss Graham to contribute, and from 1905 to 1911 she conducted a department which attracted keen interest, both for the beauty of expression and the cosmopolitan and live nature of the articles.

In 1906 Miss Graham added the post of associate editor of the "*Canadian Courier*", to her manifold activities, and as "Canadienne" became well known for the sparkle and wit, and yet

Who is a satirist without being a cynic

at the same time deep thought, displayed in these running commentaries on the world and its doings

Particularly adapted, in her knowledge of girls and their interests was Miss Graham to become, as she did in the spring of 1909, the editor of the *Canadian Home Journal*. Her personality infused the magazine with new life, and the circle of her reading admirers grew rapidly.

The reading public will remember with keen appreciation a series of burlesque interviews with celebrities,—literary and political—which appeared from Miss Graham's pen in the autumn of 1911, in *Toronto Saturday Night*, signed by the amusing name of "Anne E. Nias." These interviews were of a style of brilliant wit, which might be termed characteristic of her. It is a loss to the literary world that more of these sketches have not appeared, as they have been so eagerly read and so thoroughly appreciated. Miss Graham became editor of the Woman's Section of *Toronto Saturday Night*, shortly after this, and her return to her former field of work was warmly welcomed.

This woman journalist has many activities and interests outside of her literary work, and is keenly concerned in all the achievements of women. As she says herself, while she is not a woman suffrage advocate, she believes in making a woman's sphere include all activities—the domestic interests of course to be an important item, but everything else as well. She has carried this out in her own career, as in all her writing her mind has skimmed here and there,—her articles replete with news interest and vital with serious thought, while at the same time the little touch of humor which, like a "touch of nature," might be well said to "make the whole world akin," is never lacking.

"It is not that I am not interested in politics, that I do not believe in woman suffrage" Miss Graham will tell you, "but I think there are too many other more important things in life to a woman than having a vote. We have enough to do without adding that to our troubles," she laughed. "Far more important," she went on, "is professional honor among women. That is more important to us than anything else. I am glad to say that I have seen some splendid examples of it lately, and I think that it's a sentiment that is growing."

Miss Graham believes strongly in technical training for girls. She is interested in girls more than in anything else, and if she might be accused of having a hobby, it would be girls. "If I were beginning in journalism again," she remarked the other day, "I would try to keep in touch with girl student life. I would like to have travelled all over the world and studied conditions as they are in the many colleges for women. The woman journalist who watches the girl student has a big field. There's a wonderful change from the days of Becky Sharp."

The vein of humor which runs like a

Continued on page 172

"H. F. G." The Glorified Reporter

Who finds a broad grin in Canadian politics and transfers it to the faces of his readers via his page in the Toronto Saturday Night.

By Gregory Clarke

HENRY FRANKLIN GADSBY occupies a peculiar place on the Canadian press. He is, in a sense, the only specialist in Canadian journalism.

There are in the States several dozen writers of his stamp, men of well-known fame who can devote their talents to the passing event, and who can write with distinction on anything or nothing; whose pens have, besides a pleasing smoothness, a certain analytic keen edge that can cut. And are therefore regarded with respect. They are glorified reporters in the sense that they are free and not desk-bound. Gadsby is the lone representative of that type in Canada.

He is a specialist, not a general practitioner. He is a great colorist. He writes as some men paint, with wide free strokes of the brush, laying on color thickly, vividly, accurately. He mixes his own pigments, and scorns the browns, greys, neutral tints. In describing a man, he does it rapidly—one! two! three!—behold, a caricature, but none the less the essence of the homely Canadian politician!

Gadsby is never very much impressed by anyone. He can find a smile, whether a broad grin or crooked little *moue* of pathos, in the gravest acts Some day his sketches of Canadian parliamentary doings will become the colorings of history. For they have about them a good-humored or satirical verity that the heroic picturing of partizan writers can never attain. No doubt Sir Robert Borden reads *The Globe* without even an inward blush But no statesman can feel quite the same fulness of life after Gadsby has playfully poked him in the ribs. Gadsby plays the devil with dignity

At an earlier day, Gadsby would not have been in journalism but in literature. He would have lived in an old manor mid a farm (here we give away a secret) and have written volumes of polite and biting essays and come down to us somewhere in the lineage of essayists between Charles Lamb and Chesterton. He would have made a rare literary squire. But journalism was all he could find when he arrived at this late day, and he had to content himself with the biggest assignments a Canadian journalist ever had.

He has written special articles from the British House of Commons; the "Gallery Clock," a signed series, from Ottawa; specials on the Ontario Legislature, and on the Toronto City Council that did more to bring the city fathers and legislators into the glimpse of ordinary mortals than a year of hand-shaking. He has covered the political nominations and elections in the States; reported big events at Washington and London

Gadsby was born in St. Catharines in 1869. He was schooled at Stratford, at Woodstock College and at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with honors in English and history. He read widely and ravenously in all directions while at 'Varsity and gave himself that peculiar acquaintance with the classics and early English literature that markes an Oxford man. So that now he can ring in a casual reference, a polite quotation, in a way that doesn't disturb the average reader and yet sears with suspicion the mind of the victim. After graduation, h taught school briefly, fitfully, so to speak.

HENRY FRANKLIN GADSBY
At an earlier day, he would have lived in an old manor house and written polite and biting essays

He entered journalism as a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune*, later edited a St John paper and then came to *The Toronto Star* as an editorial writer He edited the Canadian edition of *Collier's Weekly* for three years, returned to *The Star* and is now in Ottawa writing political specials for a syndicate.

While Gadsby has had many signal honors paid him in his profession, none can have been quite as satisfactory to him as that paid by the town of Clinton when he was departing from there after a brief spell of teaching modern in the High School. A number of his colleagues got together to give him a farewell banquet, which went off very successfully and broke up in the early hours of morn. As the banqueters passed the town hall, it struck Gadsby as fitting to pull the town fire bell, the rope of which was in the porch of the building. The fire bell in Clinton means, of course, that everyone, young and old gets up, dresses and rushes madly down town to see the fire. Gadsby had the unique satisfaction of seeing a whole town turn out to take part in a farewell demonstration in his honor.

Something of this spirit of mockery of the stodgy and stiff in Canadian life has characterized him all his life. His 'Varsity days were of those gay old days which memory invests with a romance no present generation can ever appreciate. But "days" they were, and no doubt the imaginative and spirited Gad made them brighter than most.

Gadsby, in appearance, has the shape and contours of a squire, which is fitting, as it is one of his oft-expressed ambitions to retire to a farm and there to vegetate. There is, however, no one more citified than he. His clothes are cut to the minute. He was one of the first to don shell-rimmed glasses and he wore them on a black and white ribbon, to boot! But someday, he will retire to a farm. He will tire the endless importance of men of affairs and go to find an honest face on a farm

They say of Artemus Ward that he wrote he would laugh and chuckle and slap his knee in delight over some idea just arrived. Gadsby is like that only he doesn't slap his knee. He smiles and chuckles, his dark eyes gleam with the appreciation that any gentleman of intelligence should accord a bright sally. In the last five years a kindlier vein has entered his writing, a more genial warmth. He can operate now without so much objection from his patient. It is a new note that bids fair to elevate him still higher in the scale, and to shift him nearer to that "literature" he missed only by an accident of time.

Captain James Nimmo Scott, 90th Rifles,
Killed in Action, May 20th, 1915.

He was of the strong, simple hero breed who take life as it comes—the plain men who have won all fields from Thermophylae to Langemarck. The Empire's call found him at his desk as treasurer and managing director of Canada Monthly. He went without hesitation; he served without theatricality; he died, we believe, without regret.

The Incarnations of G. J. Skaggs

By William Dunseith Eaton

Author of "Lazarus and Job," "Prophets for Profit," etc.

Illustrated by Ellsworth Young

JUNE, ANGEVINE & TITUS antedate all human memory of the circus business. This information came to me from the old circus man one afternoon, in the shade of the animal tent, just on the outside of that part of the wall where the elephants were.

It was between performances. Elephants got into the conversation because some of those inside were trumpeting. The old circus man had been telling about the balmy times when colored printing was the main draw, and performers were useful only as justifying the printing, and press agents' as now known were not known at all. His modest but firm admission that in those days he had been a master of printing and starch paste was broken off by the noise

"Hear them bulls," said he. "An' listen at George J. Skaggs," —as a voice like dried sharkskin addressed . "them bulls" in forcible but impure terms

"There's a josh in the profession," he proceeded, "that June, Angevine & Titus leased Noah's menagerie the day the ark bumped the beach an' made the New England circuit twice before the mud had time to dry. That man you hear swearin' inside says it ain't a josh, but a gawspel truth, for he was there, and knows it

"Jever notice that big performin' bull Raj? Next time you drift past them ropes take a look at George J Skaggs. George J. is Raj's chambermaid, an' he says he lived a hundred times before under different alibis, but he only remembers the last time before this one, and the next before that

"First he was Noah, an' then two thousand years afterwards he's Ling Lang Lung, Emperor of China.

"It's a awful comedown from bein' a character in the Good Book an' then the boss laundryman o' the yearth, to bein' chambermaid to a bull, but George says he's only gittin' what's comin' to him for what he done to them specimens in the ark.

"You oughta hear his spiel about the big flood in the Bible, an' the way the weather bureau tried to put it over him as Noah, an' what the neighbors said to him when he was buildin that there boat. It's a peach of a pipe. But the thing that gets me rollin' is where he begins to run off at the head about the way them specimens behaved after he got that ark afloat.

"He says he had to take on board a pair of every kind of animiles an' birds an' things that creeps an' crawls, an' flies. The fish could take care o' themselves, because there was water enough both salt an' fresh. The Dead Sea an' the Red Sea proves that, he says, an' the big lakes proves it too. But everything else tha coulda bin drowned had to be saved by pairs, so't they could spread over the country afterwards, an' prop a gate an' repoplate the animal kingdom, when all creation had been swamped an' had to take a fresh holt with better morals an' more room.

"It was easy enough to [illegible] the elephants an' camels an' tigers an' sech, accordin' to this [illegible] of his, but it nearly broke 'im to provide boxes fer fleas an' flies an' [illegible]

THE BIG LION'S TEETH HAD THE OTHER ANIMALS ALL POP-EYED, 'CAUSE THEY RECOGNIZED THE JUNGLE CALL FOR OCCASIONS WHEN THEY WAS EXPECTED FOR DINNER AND TO BE THE DINNER TOO

"Well, anyhow [illegible] He says that f[illegible] about the first t[illegible] animiles went strike against hay diet. Ye[illegible] he hadn't provided no veal, li[illegible] them is satisfied with in[illegible] Only hay an' oats an' birdseed [illegible] nawthin but.

"He was so busy buildin that bo[illegible] an' settlin' up with the agents h[illegible] sent out collectin' specimens, that clean fergot that part of the pro[illegible] 'One man can't think of everythi[illegible] he says to me.

"Seems he told off one of his [illegible] to look after the commissary. [illegible] son was called Ham, an' it looks [illegible]

he played up to his name or else he was new to the business, fer he fergot all about the habits of them animiles, an' didn't lay in a single pound o' meat of no kind. There he was, outa sight of land, with only one pair of each kind of meat-animals, an' not a single spare one to feed the others with.

"It makes George uneasy, when the big lion begins to roar about the second day an' he finds out he ain't et nawthin an' is reachin' through his bars after the monkeys an' the rabbits an' sheep an' sech, that was allowed to run loose. He tries to pacify him with twisted hay an' bran mash an' things like that, but he only gets more indignant an' roars louder, an' begins to bounce the cages.

"He ain't botherin' about their breakin' out, fer he knows who built them cages, but he can't think of no way to stop the noise, an' it's makin' the elephants an' giraffes an' camels nervous, an' has all the other things huddlin' together by pairs, shakin' an' lookin' pop-eyed, an' the river horses or Beheemawths of holy writ is sweatn blood till they looks like they was painted red. All of 'em knows them sounds in their native hants. It was the jungle call for occasions when they was expected to come to dinner, an' be the dinner too.

"Well, anyhow. He hadn't figured on more'n a two weeks' voyage er so, an' all the animiles bein' in good condition on accounta what they was wanted for, he thought they'd come to hay sooner'n starve. But they wouldn't. An' before ten days was up, they got so mad an' was makin' so much noise that the he elephant pulls the staples that fastened his leg chains to the deck, an' begins to tear around an' try to butt through the side walls to git overboard, he's so scairt. An' George an' them three boys of his goes after 'im with the iern an' gits him chasin' up an' down, with his mate tryin' to break free too, an' that starts things for sure.

"EVER NOTICE THAT PERFORMIN' ELEPHUNT RAJ?" SAID THE OLD CIRCUS MAN. "NEXT TIME YOU DRIFT PAST, TAKE A LOOK AT GEORGE B. J., HE'S RAJ'S CHAMBERMAID

"George, he's bastin' the bull from behind with a tent stake, an' one o' the boys has roped his trunk an' another's up between 'is ears, poundin' his forehead with a blacksmith's sledge, an' the third one—he's this Ham that fergot the veal—he's jabbin' the iern through 'is skin from the side, an' old mister bull is goin' up and down between decks, both sides to wunst, an' through the alley where the big man-eaters is, an' every livin' thing in that there ark is makin' its own kinda noise, when bing!—

"Over goes a hull row of cages, like you might brush a string of empty boxes off a shelf, fer that there bull was a true Mastodon, that would make Raj look like a Sam Bernard pup. An' as he knocks 'em over he steps on 'em an' they gives like they was made out of paper, an' the hull show's loose, an' every one of them animiles is wild with hunger, an' out to kill.

"George ain't no fool, the way he tells it. He drops that tent stake after he hits the bull a lick that jolts 'im ten feet forward, an' then he blows the whistle to close bulkheads, an' the big iern doors slides acrost jist as the bull passes through, an' as they jine they pinch his tail off. You can notice now that elephants has short tails. They're descended from that one. He was the great grandfather of all the elephants, but he had a bushy tail, as may be seen in nachral history books, an' that's where he lost it.

"So that's the way the mix-up begins. All them flesh-eaters is in the forward end, an' after they've jumped on an' devoured a pair of giant ant eaters, that hadn't had no ants and didn't leave no descendants, they turn on each other. George an' the boys woulda come next, only they're light on their feet an' they hits the ladders an' ups on the saloon deck an' slams the hatches shut an' stands on 'em till they can catch their breath..

"It's a thumpin' big ship, because it has to be. Big enough to carry all the menageries of all the yearth—fer they was all there. It's forty cubics long an' ten cubics wide, an' twenty cubics deep, an' pitched within' an' without with tar, as described in the booka Moses. An' in them old ancient ways of measurin' a cubic is a mile. So them crazy meat-eaters is in a room forty mile long an' ten mile wide, an' in less'n a day's time it's one grand arena of battlin' animiles, all chewin' each other up, an' roarin' fer more.

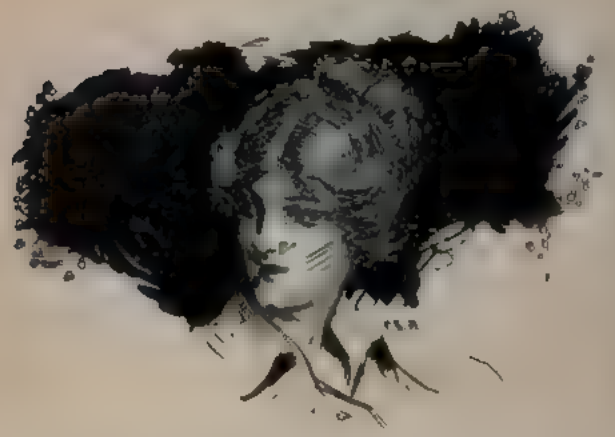
"In the middle the second night after this, the's a cry o' fire. Smoke is rollin' outa the port holes, an' George an' the boys lets each other down over the sides and gets in where it comes from, an' whaddya think?

"The's a paira dragons down there, an' they've bin asleep durin' all this slaughter-house work, because they was sluggish, havin' had a big gorge of soft coal an' sulphur before they was

Continued on page 190.

"HE WAS SO BUSY COLLECTIN' SPECIMENS THAT HE CLEAN FORGOT ABOUT PROVISIONS FOR THE MAN EATIN' BENGAL TIGERS AND THE REST OF THE SAVAGE ANIMILS

The Mystery of the Jade Earring



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl, a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair, was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation of the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier had, in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up to the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a screaming crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination, a stage driver told him that Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

"I could even go further than that. The winter had set in suddenly very soon after the body had been put into the water. The spring had only just come. It wasn't unreasonable to suppose that the last person before myself to come down that path and step out on the little boat-landing had been the person who carried the body in his arms."

"Jeffrey," I cried, "wasn't there some clue—some real clue?"

He shook his head with a grim laugh. "Something that Richards would have called a clue, do you mean? A wisp of blond hair caught in a splinter on the gunwale of a boat, or a blood-stained handkerchief, or a rag of white satin caught on a thorn-bush beside the path? No, there was nothing like that."

"I don't see any reason why there shouldn't have been," said I.

"There isn't any," he admitted, "and I confess I looked for something like that. But this is all I did see. The boat-house is a substantially built affair on concrete piles. The windows on both sides were fitted with solid shutters, and the sliding-door with a good lock to make it really difficult for a marauder to get in. It needed to be, for it contained a high-power motor-boat that might very well be stolen or borrowed for a joy-ride. The house is built around a slip, so that the boat could come into it under its own power. When I saw it, it was hoisted out of the water on slings for the winter."

"How did you get in if it was so well locked up as that?"

"I said it had a lock, not that it was locked. As a matter of fact, the sliding-door was only partly shut. It had got off its rollers, as sliding-doors will, and the last person to try to shut it hadn't bothered to fix it. It gaped open about eight inches. It had been like that all winter, too, judging by the drift of half-melted snow and ice that had got inside. I squeezed inside and looked around.

"The person who had laid up the launch for the winter wasn't the one who had left in such a hurry, judging by the shipshape way he had done his

job. But there was another boat in there that had evidently been out since.

"It was a small river-skiff, and it lay listed over on the floor of the boat-house just far enough in to clear the door, though there was a pair of slings for it, too. The person who had dragged it in hadn't even bothered to unship the oars, a thing that almost any boatman would have done from force of habit. The boat had been brought in by some one who was in a hurry. I think even Richards would be willing to admit that."

"But was there nothing else?'

"There was this." Jeffrey's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "There was a long painter on the boat, one end of it made fast, as usual, to a ring in the bow. The other end had been tied around the forward thwart and then cut. Do you see what I mean? Twenty-five feet of the painter was fast to the bow-ring. Five feet of the same rope was still tied round the forward thwart. Both ends were cut clean, as if they had once belonged together."

He gave a sort of shiver then and stopped. Then, seeing that whatever sinister significance lay in the fact was still not apparent to me, he set his teeth and explained:

"The boat was pretty small for that sort of freight. Perhaps the murderer had never meant to use a boat. He brought the body down and threw it in from the landing. And then he saw that the current wasn't going to carry it away. It was caught in an eddy perhaps. So he got out the boat and rowed over to it. He must tow it out into the channel.

"He passes the painter around it, under the arms perhaps. His boat drifts away from it a little before he has time to make the line fast about the body. He doesn't want to handle it any more than necessary, so he simply makes the other end of the painter fast to the thwart—the forward thwart, mind you—because he's got to tow backward, and pulls away out into the channel.

"When he gets out there he tries to untie the line, but cuts it instead to save time. You can guess that he'd be in a panic of haste by then and rows back to the boat-house. There's the picture! Can you see it?"

"I can see it, as you describe it to me in that convining way of yours But do you suppose Richards could see it, too?"

Jeffrey smiled sardonically. "I shouldn't even want him to. A man who could see pictures like that would be much too flighty for the force. There are probably a dozen hypothetical explanations of everything I found there at the boat-house that would cover the case as well as this picture I see. But I do see this one, Drew, plainer than I can make you understand, and I believe it's true."

"When I went up the path again, bound for the big house this time, I scrutinized it pretty closely. I suppose Sherlock Holmes would have found no end of clues, and by the time he'd reached the veranda of the house, would have been able to tell the whole story of the crime. Just where everybody had gone, and how fast they walked, and whether they were right or left-handed, and whether their shirts were custom-made or not.

"But I didn't find anything except here and there a pair of wheel tracks. They were narrow-guage, no wider than a child's express-wagon; but the wheels themselves were broad; nearly two inches I should say. In some of the shady parts of the path where the ground was still frozen hard the tracks were there, frozen in, so I knew they

"BUT I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING EXCEPT HERE AND THERE A PAIR OF WHEEL TRACKS, NO WIDER THAN A CHILD'S EXPRESS WAGON"

must have been made before the freeze.

"At the end of ten minutes' walking the path bent around over the crest of a little ridge and gave me my first view of the house. I stopped a minute and looked it over. It was a rather rambling structure, two stories high, composed roughly of a series of L's, jutting out to catch the southwest breeze on one side, and to give the windows and terraces on the other a view of the river

The architecture was a little too good to be true. In other words, it had been made into something a little more strictly colonial than anything they really built in those days. It looked rather desolate, as such a place is likely to look when it isn't occupied by enough people to keep it tolerably full.

"It wasn't boarded up though, and that was a relief, because I had fully determined to break in if there was no other way of accomplishing my purpose. But as long as there was a caretaker there the purpose would be vastly easier of accomplishment.

"The path I had been following converged now into a brick-laid walk which curved about through the shrubbery and led, not to the porticoed main entrance, but to a smaller doorway at the head of a flight of brick steps. The steps led also to a brick-paved pergola, evidently meant in the summer-time to have a gay-striped awning stretched over it. Just now it was basking warmly in the March sun.

"I went up to the door and rapped lightly with a genuine old colonial knocker which I found there instead of a bell. I hadn't planned what I should say to the person who opened the door, because it seemed better, somehow, to trust to the inspiration of the moment. So much would depend on what sort of person the caretaker happened to be.

"It was lucky I hadn't any very fixed idea—no little explanatory speech committed to memory. If I had had such a thing on the tip of my tongue I'd have been a good deal worse disconcerted than I was. The knocker was pulled out of my hand by the door being briskly opened by some one whose hand must have been on the knob when I started to knock—some one in the act of coming out.

"There in the passage, very erect and self-possessed, blinking a little in the sudden flood of sunshine that came in when the door opened, stood—who do you suppose, Drew?—the last person I expected to find there—Miss Meredith herself. She's one of the most wonderful looking old ladies I ever saw in my life—beautiful, what we mean when we say regal, vigorous, wonderfully vitalized.

"She didn't start at all at the sight of me. Just looked at me a minute in a perfectly composed sort of way, and asked what I wanted. At the sound of her voice I heard some one moving behind her in the passage, and made out over her shoulder some one whom I took to be a maid or sort of companion, loaded down with rugs and cushions.

"'My name's Jeffrey,' I said, for it was somehow out of the question to try any pretense with a person like that, though I didn't know what sort of reception my name would get.

"But her face lighted up at it, as if she were genuinely pleased, and she held out her hand to me. 'At last!' she said. 'I was beginning to think you were a myth.' She nodded toward a couple of big chairs in the pergola and added: 'I was just going out for a doze in the warm sun. But a chat with you will be much better.'

"Then she turned back and spoke to the woman in the passage: 'Will you please bring an extra rug, Miss Martin?'

"This momentary delay gave me my story. 'I wrote to Dr. Crow,' said I, 'asking for permission to see you, and he told me you'd receive me to-day.'

"I thought I saw just a flicker of surprise go over her face at that, but it didn't show much more than she meant it to, and all she said was.

"'Dr. Crow is a very competent young man.'

"The woman she called Miss Martin came up just then and began bundling her up in rugs and packing in cushions about her. But, though she was busily occupied with Miss Meredith all the time, I couldn't help feeling that she was regarding me with a certain uneasiness and mistrust. Miss Meredith insisted on my having one of the rugs, and then sent Miss Martin into the house, telling her she shouldn't need her for an hour. I thought the woman went away reluctantly.

"Well, we chatted for a few minutes about the beauty of the day and the pleasure of getting out into the country for the early spring, and I admitted that I had got myself pretty well mired up trespassing in her woods.

"She seemed to take that absolutely as a matter-of-course, and didn't show the slightest curiosity about where I had been, though I said I had been looking at the river from the boat-landing. Then all at once she reverted to what she had said before about beginning to think that I was a myth.

"Drew, she had thought all along that my not seeing her had been my own doing. She'd wanted to see me, she said, but Crow had made me out a sort of hermit who didn't see anybody if he could help it. How he reconciled a statement like that with the fact that I am a portrait painter, I don't know.

"She was perfectly frank in her curiosity about me, as an autocratic old lady like that is likely to be, and kept me talking about myself for a solid hour; asked innumerable questions about how I painted, where I lived, about my life abroad, and so on.

"At the end of the hour Miss Martin appeared again. Miss Meredith got up a little reluctantly. 'You'll stay to lunch, won't you?' she said. 'I haven't had as pleasant a morning in a long time. I hope you're not in a hurry to get back to the city.

"Of course I said I'd stay, with the greatest pleasure. She gave me an informal nod and started toward the door. 'Miss Martin will take charge of you till lunch-time,' she said. 'I dare say you will want to freshen up a bit after your tramp through the woods. We'll lunch at one.' And with that she walked into the house.

"I waited a minute for Miss Martin to follow her and lead the way for me. But instead of that she stood right where she was apparently making up her mind to say something. So then I took my first good look at her. She was a tall, rather lean young woman, unmistakably well-bred with a severe profile and a rather tight way of doing her hair.

"She stood there confronting me a little embarrassed, but perfectly resolute. I had unconsciously moved a little toward the door and was standing beside one of the pillars. She stepped into the doorway and stood confronting me.

"'I am very sorry,' she said, 'to be obliged to countermand Miss Meredith's invitation.'

"'Countermand it!' said I.

"'I am Miss Meredith's nurse,' she said. 'I am under the doctor's explicit instructions. I haven't any discretion at all in the matter. I must ask you to go away, Mr. Jeffrey, at once.'

"'Those are Dr. Crow's instructions?' I asked.

"She didn't answer that question at all. Just stood there looking at me and said again: 'At once.'

"Her manner as well as her words made it perfectly clear that I shouldn't get into that door except by brute force. The thing was so utterly unexpected and, in the light of the deception Crow had practised toward me with Miss Meredith, so sinister that I was very loath to accept the situation.

"Just at that second as I was preparing to turn away, I started again and all but duplicated my yell in the stateroom the night before, because something soft and alive dropped from the pillar over my head upon my shoulder. I clutched at it and found I had in my hand—what do you suppose, Drew?—the same fluffy little baby raccoon that had tried to pull my eyelid up the night before.

"The nurse smiled a pleasant sort of smile and rescued the thing from my hand. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'That's Miss Meredith's newest pet. He's quite harmless, but I'm afraid rather disconcerting. That's his second adventure within the last twenty-four hours.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. CROW FORGETS.

JEFFREY stopped there, and for a while we just sat looking at each other. The links connected, it seemed to me, into a perfect chain of unescapable inferences. Crow, on receiving Jeffrey's note, in order to make sure of avoiding even a chance meeting between him and Miss Meredith, had sent her off to Beech Hill.

The escapades of the baby raccoon made it plain that the occupants of the stateroom next to Jeffrey's were Miss Meredith and her companion. It was from that stateroom that the insane laughter which horrified Jeffrey had issued, and the words: "She is dead! I killed her!"

The nurse's action in countermanding her mistress's invitation to lunch made it evident enough who the maniac was that had made that confession. And then there was the skiff, the unlocked boat-house, the long painter cut where the forward end of it had been tied round a thwart.

Oh, it wasn't evidence. Richards would laugh at it. But see how well it fitted in. Then I recalled the gossip about the Meredith family that Jeffrey had extracted from the driver who took him out to Beech Hill—the brilliant, highly bred, wilful Merediths, with the streak almost of insanity that cropped up here and there; of Claire's artist father and her peasant mother; of the strange life the girl must have led; of the girl's disappearance in Paris, and Miss Meredith's return with the announcement that she was dead.

How had the streak cropped up in Claire herself? What, if Jeffrey's theory were right, was the cause of the bitter enmity that accounted for her appearance in New York under another name, and of the tragedy that led to the finding of the body in the river and the maniacal confession Jeffrey overheard through the thin partition between the two staterooms? But the whole succession of incidents wove into a pattern that was plain enough to read and grim enough, I thought.

I glanced around at Jeffrey who stood at the window looking out at the fading, electric-lighted city twilight, and the uncanny, almost fear of him that so often came over me came back again. How had he managed, amid the maze of misleading circumstances, to disentangle the true threads of the mystery?

"Well," said I, catching at Richard's phrase, "I don't see how you do it, but there's no doubt you've done it again."

Jeffrey wheeled around. "Done what?" he asked.

"Solved the mystery of the girl in the ice."

"I NEVER WAS MORE PUZZLED IN MY LIFE"

Jeffrey shook his head soberly. "That's just what I haven't done," said he. "I never was more puzzled in my life."

"Not all the details, I'll admit," said I; "but the main facts of it certainly. What was Richard's phrase? You've 'got a confession and a motive'—that is if you can call a maniacal impulse a motive. And you've got a mass of corroborating circumstances."

"So had Richards," said Jeffrey. "And yet I haven't got the real answer any more than he had. I told you the truth just now when I said I never was more puzzled in my life."

"Well, I may be stupid," said I, "but it looks pretty complete to me."

"'Pretty complete,'" echoed Jeffrey grimly. "That's the secret of all Richard's mistakes. His cases are all 'pretty complete.' But, Drew, no case is complete so long as it contains one single circumstance that contradicts the rest. It isn't complete until everything fits—everything."

"Well," said I, "what is there here that doesn't fit?"

"Do you remember what the insane voice said in the stateroom? 'I killed her with a pin.' What did she mean by that? The girl in the ice had been shot."

"Raving," said I. "You can't expect a maniac to be logical."

"And then," he went on, "who put the boat in the river? Who unlocked the boat-house and launched the boat and towed the body out into the current?"

"Insane people are pretty strong sometimes," said I. "Miss Meredith might have done it."

"Oh, she's strong enough to do it to-day," said Jeffrey. "But that wasn't a maniacal act."

"Maniacs are cunning, too," said I.

"It wasn't a cunning act," retorted Jeffrey. "An insane person would be too clever, once he started out to dispose of the body, to make such a bad job of it. If the body was to be put into the water why wasn't it weighted so it would sink? Why wasn't the boat returned to its proper place in the boat-house and the painter cut away?

"The person who disposed of that body was acting under the logical terror of the consequences of his act—a thing a maniac isn't hampered by. And then there's Dr. Crow. How do his actions fit into the story? No, there's something more there—something I haven't even got a glimpse of yet."

It had grown late. It was long after anybody's office hours, and the big building where I had my office was strangely still, as such buildings are at night.

In the silence that fell between us we heard the clash of the door to the single occasional elevator that served the whole building during the evening hours—heard through the open transom the soft purr of its rise, and then the clash of another door as it stopped at our floor to let some one out. Then there came the hollow ring of footsteps down the corridor, and to my surprise a knock at my outer door.

To be continued.

The Man With The Dinner Pail

By J. J. Armstrong

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

PATRICK KEENAN, plasterer, sat silently eating his breakfast. His wife, Ellen, opposite, watched him in some trepidation. When he drew down his shaggy red brows like that, occasionally twisting his mouth to one side in a scornful manner, and tossed his head, or nodded it, the signs of battle were as apparent to her as though he had painted himself, like one of Cooper's Indians, and was dancing 'round a war-post.

She could not imagine what was stirring up his ire. The breakfast was good, the kitchen was of a spotlessness and cleanliness he loved. Vainly she looked for cause for complaint.

Presently he shoved back his plate.

"Ellen," he demanded, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing?"

"I—don't know," faltered his wife.

"Ellen," he repeated, with a tantalizing glitter in his eye, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing?"

"Why, Pathrick," she fluttered, "have you had any word from our Paddy? What's ailing him?"

"Ellen," he thundered, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing? Is he wurrkin' in a glue facthry?"

"He is not," answered his wife, "everyone knows that our Pathrick is Sergeant in the Royal North-West Mounted Police."

"Aye," he repeated, with unction; "Sergeant in the R-royal North-West Mounted Po-lice. And, Mrs. Keenan, phwat might your daughter Molly be doin' now?"

"Molly do be doin' nothing but living on Quality Avenue, wid servants to wait on her," answered his wife

"Aye," answered Patrick, 'her bein' the wife of Aldtherman Casey, she need do nothin' but dhress in her silks. The Aldtherman's sister do be not altogether approvin' of the match. 'What,' sez she, 'my brother, Aldtherman Casey, mahrry the daughter of a man wid a dinner pail!' But the man wid the dinner pail give them somethin' in their jugs to jumble. 'Out of my house,' sez I to the Aldtherman, sez I: 'You shall never have my daughter, sez I'."

He lowered his voice oratorically as he announced the sequel: "The banns was published in another parish, and the world knew that the man wid the dinner pail objected to the match. But"—and he shook with inward laughter, "I made sure first that the Aldtherman was clane gone on our Molly."

He scraped out his pipe and then resumed:

"And phwat might your daughter Nora be doin', Mrs. Keenan?"

"She do be stenographer for lawyer Green," his wife humored him.

"Aye, she be not so good-lookin' as the rest, goin' more to brains, like mesilf, so we must make a stenographer of her. And phwat might your son Parnell be doin', Mrs. Keenan?"

"Parny be at school, and since he's such a good boy at his books, and his religious juties, the Church will help him to a be praste iv God. The Lord send it and glory be. Blessed shall I be amongst women when I see the day."

"Aye, Ellen, you may well say it. The Church has been the friend of the man wid the dinner pail."

"Because ye deserved it, Pathrick," answered his wife, ingratiatingly.

Patrick shook off his softened look, and brought down his fist on the table, with: "But phwat of your daughter Katey, Mrs. Keenan?"

"What iv our Katey? The finest gerl that steps in shoe leather, that helps her mother, and is a model for all gerls? Fer shame wid ye Pathrick, what have ye agin our Katey?"

Just then the subject of their discourse came into the room, saying:

"What's all the noise about, folks? I thought I heard my name mentioned—it's a quarter to seven, father."

"Aye, I must soon be goin'. But a word wid ye first, Katey."

Keenan looked at his daughter with fatherly pride.

"I see you've got a young man, Katey."

"Whom do you mean, father?"

"The young spark I see oftenest—the lad wid the money and the family."

"Oh, I don't know that he comes so very often."

"But I do know. Last night it was an automobile ride."

"I was in at nine, father."

"All right, all right, Katey, me dear, good little gerl—I'm your father. The night before it was a row on the river. A few evenings before, it was a bit of a party, and so on for some time back. And Katey, he's never axed me."

"Asked you," Katey said, laughingly, do you want to go too?"

"Katey, Katey," admonished her mother.

"He has never axed me if he might pay you attentions."

"Oh, well, father, that's all out of date."

"Maybe wid rich folk, but not wid the man wid the dinner pail."

"But he doesn't mean anything serious, it's just a bit of fun."

Fun is it? And you, twenty years old, earnin' not salt for your porridge!"

"Well, if I'm a burden, I'll go to work at something," said the girl, starting up from the table.

"Katey! Stop! Have I been a cruel father to you!"

"No, father dear, you haven't," she murmured.

"Do you know of any workingman's family that's done like ours"

"No father not one"

"And for why do you suppose"

"Because you're so good and kind and mother let's you have your own way. I know you've got some big scheme on foot. I don't know what"

"Leave it to me, Katey I'm not Lungler."

"Yes, father; but don't go and keep Ceph his intentions, or making a fool of me in any way, with any of your old fashioned nonsense."

"Lave it to me, Katey," he returned as he hurriedly took up his dinner pail.

About eight that evening Cecil Brock's long, high-powered car made its appearance. He was a clean cut fine-looking chap, immaculately groomed—maybe a little too immaculately. Keenan himself met him at the door.

Assuming his most genial tone, Patrick, extended his hand "Good evening Mr Brock"

"Good evening Mr Keenan" returned the young man heartily as they touched hands; "Is Miss Keenan in?"

"She is that. Step in."

"Oh, I don't know—I guess she'll be out in a minute."

"Step in, step in"

The plasterer was courtesy itself but his forceful personality was felt and Brock went into the little parlor.

Katey came in immediately looking rather pale and anxious, but as charming as always.

"It was such a bully night, I thought you'd probably like to come for a spin Miss Keenan."

"I should love it," said Katey, grabbing at this slim straw of escape. I shan't be late, dad."

Keenan's bulk blocked the doorway

"I'm not sure Katey that you're goin'. I have something to say to you."

Katey's heart stopped. Surely the dear old dad who had always been so thoughtful of her wasn't going to humiliate her in front of Brock, of all people.

Keenan was proceeding:

"Mr. Brock will understand I'm sure, why I don't want you to be flying around the country to a band concert here, a party there, and a dance some place else."

He stopped to light his pipe. Everything swam before Katey's eyes, and she had a feeling of helpless rage at her father. Even Brock was rather fascinated by the fearless looking work-worn man in front of him. He'd never noticed the respectable cleanliness of him, the well-brushed hair, and the look of power on his irregular features.

He was continuing:

"You are the last of my family, Katey. Your one sister is the wife of Aldtherman Casey, another a stenographer, one brother a Sergeant in the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and your other brother will, in the fullness of time, Heaven willin', be a praste iv God. Now, daughter, what better could you be nor a bride of Christ, a holy nun? I can give little to the Church, a poor man wid a dinner pail, and I surely owe one of my daughters to her service. I——"

"But, father," spoke the girl, starting up wildly and clasping her hands. "I have no vocation. I know it! I could not be shut up and be a nun. It would be wicked to make me! It would kill me."

"I'll not force you, my child. You'll want to when you get used to the idea. Think about it."

For answer Katey burst into tears.

Cephas Brock had been an amazed and silent listener to this dialogue, but at the sight of Katey's tears he saw his way clearly. His temper got the better of him.

"Sir, what do you mean by this?" he demanded, advancing toward Keenan

"By what?"

"Forcing your daughter to become a nun against her wishes."

"Tut, tut, she'll think better of it by and by. Ag'in to-morrow night she'll be praying to be let."

"Never, never," sobbed Katey; "I'm too fond of the world, and I'm afraid I'm too wicked."

"No," thundered Brock, "you shall never be a nun."

"And what have you to say about it?" stormed Keenan, facing Brock angrily.

"This—I want this girl to be my wife. Sir——"

"Do I understand that there is an engagement bechune you, widout my knowledge?" asked Keenan, whirling threateningly on his daughter.

"No, no, father, no."

"Say you will marry me, Kate," said Brock, clasping his arms about her, "do say it, and make me happy."

Katey looked pleadingly at her father.

"Are you marrying this man to escape being a holy nun?"

"Oh, no, father, I love him."

"Ah well," heavily, "so the Holy Church is chated: I must say aye, I suppose."

"And now about the auto ride?" asked Brock, beaming triumphantly in proportion as Keenan looked depressed

"Go and lave me in me loneliness, answered Patrick, shaking his head.

Katey went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him; "Dear old father, the best father in the world. I'm so happy."

Brock shook hands respectfully with his future father-in-law, and made punctiliously polite farewells.

Katey looked back as the auto turned the corner, and her mother peeped from behind the window curtains —the man with the dinner pail was leaning over the gate, his pipe in his hand shaking with laughter

THE NIGHT BEFORE IT WAS A ROW ON THE RIVER

27 Cents

Continued from page 152.

She didn't hear the second knock, or maybe there wasn't one.

"Why, you're cryin'!" said the janitor's wife. "See, I brought you some cold meat and an egg for your breakfast, and a bit o' cake an' some tea. And say, will you do like I said and have dinner with me to-morrow? I got a day's scrubbin' yesterday."

"M-m-m, but that was good," said the rejuvenated Snapcornette ten minutes later as she put the last forkful of the meat where it belonged. "An' an egg for breakfast—I've got bread an' tea. Mercy I don't like milk in it. And an invite for dinner. Say, virtue is its own reward?—Nix. 'R else this's a tip on top of it."

She didn't make much noise in her worn shoes as she ascended the stairs to take back the washed-up plates. The janitor's door was open. And this was what she saw.

Tom had turned over and snored the drugged snore of the unjust, on the tumbled bed. Wee Freddie slept across two chairs, happy in his three-year-old unconsciousness. The little woman knelt on the floor beside the table.

In front of her stood the lily. She was looking up at it with her hands clasped. There were tearmarks on her face. And the words that she was whispering were going up, up, past the wonderful golden ears of the flower, past the last shine of the highest lamp above Duchess Street, past the farthest swing of wandering comet-flare.

"It's folks like her that makes the rest of us know You're there," said the janitor's wife.

Mother Jones

Continued from page 160.

"Oh," she said, "We've just been talking over everything for the best interest of the nation and the cause of humanity."

"Did you tell Mr. Rockefeller about Colorado conditions?" she was asked.

"Yes, I told him a few things, but I have been in jail so long, my head's out of gear." (The pathos of this—from an old lady over eighty!)

Mr. Rockefeller's personality must be very charming and persuasive, for Mother Jones had this to say of him after her visit in his office, "I just told Mr. Rockefeller one thing. We have been misrepresenting him terribly, and I as much as anyone else." The rich man himself was even more willing to talk of the interview. "Mother Jones," he explained, "went over with Mr. King and myself all the main points in the situation. I found myself able to agree with everything she said in principle although of course it was impossible for me to talk about actual conditions as they were in Colorado."

This most unexpected "rapprochement" between the labor agitator and Mr. Rockefeller naturally annoyed the other radical anti-capitalists, who immediately began to exert pressure on Mother Jones. That very night, for example, when the news of the interview was transmitted to all parts of the continent, Upton Sinclair, the hero of the Chicago stock yards, and the promoter of queer summer colonies, sent the old lady a telegram—"We are sure you will not let yourself be overcome by the sweet odor of the American Beauty rose."

This appeal must have rather unsettled Mother Jones, for immediately she issued a statement in which she declared that "So far, Mr. Rockefeller has only given lip service to democracy in industry. His new plan in Colorado masquerades as a basis for collective bargaining. It is the shadow, not the substance. You can't fool my boys." She did say, however, that she believed Mr. Rockefeller did not understand this, because "he says he believes in unions and collective bargaining and democracy in industry."

Her story suggests a fundamental question; the answer will reveal the essential basis of a Canadian's thinking. It is indeed a test question.

Do you think it would have been a misfortune or an advantage for Canada if Mother Jones had stayed in this country, and in our more restricted field, had taken the same stand and adopted the same methods in industrial disputes which she has pursued in the United States?

Jean Graham

Continued from page 161.

golden thread through all her writing, is a part of her personality.

Her pen is never dipped in gall, and her temperament is equally free from unkind criticism, or any disposition to sarcasm. Many a time her few words of humorous comment, kindly spoken yet full of wit, will do more to effect a wide spread influence on the mind of her readers and hearers than a whole sheaf of sermonettes. She is the life of the office and her sunny personality mingled with keen knowledge of human nature is a splendid antidote against the little worries and annoyances that make up the every day life of a newspaper office. Her colleagues will tell you, "it is easier to hold *Saturday Night* back on press day than to get Miss Graham ruffled." "A serious loss to the teaching fraternity," it has been said of her, but her influence is more wide-reaching through her literary work.

Just now Miss Graham's thoughts are bound up in the war and her military spirit is thoroughly roused, and not much wonder considering that both her father's and mother's family were military before they were clerical Irish, and a Miss Graham [illegible] 'scrappers on both sides. If she were a man this sketch would have been of an entirely different nature most likely and the description would quite possibly have been of martial exploits.

Any honors in the gift of her fellow women journalists have been thrust upon her. She was for several years Vice President for Ontario and Quebec of the Canadian Women's Press Club and has been again and again urged to accept other offices but has confined herself for the most part to being an interested and inspiring member of the club since its inauguration her genial personality and keen judgment being a warmly welcomed addition to all the councils of the society.

In a recent appreciation of Stephen Leacock's visit to Toronto in her page "At five o'clock" in Saturday Night she says quite characteristically "'Laughing with Leacock' as some expressed it,—is about the nicest way ending a Blue Monday could have and we just chuckled to our heart's content, and thanked heaven for the Man from McGill.

"There is a wholesomeness about this mirth which sends a healthy breeze among the fads and freaks of our modern world."

And just a word in closing as to the secret of the name which seems so incongruous with Irish ancestry. "Jean Graham" is almost a pen-name since that Scotch first name was never given in baptism. It became necessary for Miss Graham to select some other name than her own—that of Jean Jane, since her mother who was writing a great deal at the time possessed the same name,—so the Scotch name "Jean" was taken and has remained with her ever since, though she has added other pen-names such as the well known "Canadienne," and "Lynx."

Toting a Grouch

Continued from page 157.

of the majestic river, dropped the French-Canadian, cabin, fireplace and pipe in waters dyed red by a sinking sun.

Surely in all history never has a painting a stranger, a more delightful private view than this Horace King aboard the motor boat *Water Lily*

One might liken it to a gathering of Charles Dana Gibson heroines clustered round a Josef Israel. On the other hand, few paintings have been so unanimously condemned. As a painting it met with the approval of not one of them all. It was brutal, blunt, unlovely, coarse, commonplace, lacked color, had all defects without compensating parts. Ada Lee was for heaving the thing back into the current, and was all but unanimously acclaimed. Janet James, captainette, however, had her doubts. She had sifted through picture galleries in Europe, and had found that the picture she thought least likely was usually the most cherished, and here before her eyes was certainly a "least-likely." So she induced those of her passengers who would have had the dripping thing walk the plank to give it passage back to camp.

That evening Horace Kirk's masterpiece hung, like a Red Man's idol, from the branch of a maple tree near enough to the camp-fire to be played upon by the flickering lights and shadows. The girls nicknamed it Janet James' "Mumbo Jumbo," they bedecked it with flowers, and burnt flambeaux to it, and danced little snatches of trots and canters in its honor. At first the captainette had looked upon her find simply as an adventure, but being made the butt for mild sarcasm, she thought how pleasant it would be should the painting turn out to be by some well-known artist. Next an idea occurred to her, and she slipped into a large "general room" tent in which was placed a telephone. To her old friend Brassey, art critic of the chief newspaper in Detroit, she called.

"Among the bulrushes, are you?" he laughed, when he heard where she was staying.

"Yes, towards which I discovered a modern Moses floating," she replied.

"I give it up," he returned, after a moment's silence.

"Then I'll explain. I have called you up to ask a question. Is there a painter by name of Horace Kirk?"

"Is there a Shakespeare? Is there a Wagner? Is there a Kitchener? Of course there is a painter named Horace Kirk."

"Does this Kirk paint horrid things, men sort of close-to-the-ground, like animals?"

Brassey laughed.

"A new way of putting it but it describes Kirk. What's up?"

"What's up is that I have rescued a painting from drowning. I found it floating down the river, and that painting is of an unwashed old man in an unswept cabin, surrounded by rust, and it's signed Horace Kirk."

"There are not half-a-dozen Kirk's in America, and the owners of them do not cast their Kirk's upon the

Old-Home Dishes

Plus Some New Enticements

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have changed the ways of serving many an old-time dish. They are making these dishes more delightful than even memories of the old.

Instead of serving berries only, countless people now mix Puffed Grains with them. And these airy morsels, crisp and fragile, add a taste like toasted nuts. The blend is most inviting.

Instead of plain white bread in milk, they serve these bubbles of whole grain. Puffed Grains are four times as porous. They are toasted, thin and crisp. And they easily digest.

Instead of plain ice cream, they garnish it with Puffed Rice. And the grains are like nut meats, made porous and flimsy, ready to melt in the mouth.

Instead of plain fudge they now stir Puffed Rice in it. And it becomes like a nut candy that is very easy to eat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These are New-Time Foods

These foods belong to these days of efficiency. Whole grains by this method are made wholly digestible. We get all of the elements, not merely the starch. Other methods of cooking break up part of the food cells. In Puffed Grains by Prof. Anderson's process, every food granule is blasted to pieces.

This is perfect cooking, through internal steam explosion. In that respect, this is the best way these [illegible] are served. And in this way most folks best enjoy them.

These are foods for meals and between-meals, for out-doors and indoors, for morning, noon and night. Keep well supplied in summer.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. Saskatoon, Sask.

Bran-Bred Cheer

Bran cheers folks up by acting as a natural laxative. Dull days, headaches and cross words are saved by it. It's a pity not to eat it, as all doctors advise.

Pettijohn's is a bran dainty. These luscious flakes of soft wheat hide 25% of bran. It means better breakfasts as well as better days.

One week will convince you. It will show you a way to make the bran habit delightful. Try it.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

SUMMER and— Drewry's American Style Rice Beer

Perfect for Home Use
Better and costs less than Imported. All Dealers. In cases of Pints or Quarts

E. L. Drewry, Ltd.
Winnipeg.

A $30 Bicycle GIVEN TO EVERY BOY

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

waters. Your Kirk is a forgery."

"For one night I am not going to admit any such thing. My companions have had a great deal of joy at my expense—they want to cast the painting back into the river, but I forbade—so for one night at least it shall be a genuine Horace Kirk."

"Good for you! I should like to have a squint at the painting. May I run down to your leafy Eden?"

"Men are not allowed, but if you will be at the ferry dock at four tomorrow afternoon, the *Water Lily* and the Horace Kirk shall await your pleasure."

"At four I'll be there."

When Janet James reported that the painting was by one of the greatest of modern artists the girls seized camp stools and sat in a semicircle gazing at it, silent as Red Indians smoking the Peace Pipe. Their admiration for the work of art, however, showed no signs of increasing.

When the customs officer beheld Horace Kirk stride off the ferry and strike up Woodward Avenue carrying no canvas, he said to himself:

"Ah, he has passed his chromo into Canada. I'll drift across and inquire."

He drifted and inquired. He was told that no painting had been taken into Canada, which information caused him to say:

"Then the man has arranged to somehow have the chromo smuggled into my country. That's certain. We'll see about that. I'll wait until to-morrow evening to give him time, then I'll raid his rooms and search. If I find the picture Mr. Clever Englishman goes to jail, even though the British Lion roars.

Janet James awoke early next morning and brought the painting, which had occupied a corner of her tent, into the light of the morning. She liked it even less than when she had seen it in the moonlight, indeed there was nothing at all pink-and-white about those somber yet glowing colors for a girl uneducated in art to like. To herself Janet admitted that the thing was ugly enough to be great. She hoped it might turn out to be great, for she had not forgotten the compliments of last night, and instead of waiting, as she had intended, till the afternoon, the captainette ran her motor boat up to Detroit, tying up at Kennedy dock about eleven o'clock in the morning. Intending to make half-a-dozen calls, she resolved to begin well by looking in on her particular charge, old Mrs Methuen.

She found the front door open, so there was no need to ring. Tripping along the hall she threw the old lady's door open with such a swing as to bring it with a most uncompromising bang against the back of Horace Kirk, who a moment before, had stepped back to contemplate his painting. Unnoticed by painter and canvas the girl ran across the room, dropped on her knees, and taking the old lady's hand in hers looked lovingly into the wrinkled face. She cried: "You are looking so brisk and well this morning, granny, that you make me feel quite envious of you—yes, you do."

"You will be forever flattering me and trying to turn my silly old head, lass."

"Indeed, it is no flattery, granny, but where does that terrible smell of paint come from?"

Round turned her head in an inquiring glance and she found her attention compelled by the eyes of a dark, strong man, eyes that scowled at her after a manner she had never before encountered. For the man's expression was one of contemptuous fierceness, a black, black look. Janet James caught her breath and slowly got upon her feet. Her eyes blazed indignantly.

"Mr. Bear has come all the way from England to paint me for Neil," said Mrs. Methuen, "and if you will be forbearing what I will look like just glance at the picture."

Horace Kirk's dark face said plain as words, "If you dare."

Janet James was not the sort of young lady to be defied. Abruptly she stepped in between the artist and his work. At the very first glance she recognized that she stood in the presence of the man who had painted the picture she had fished from the river. The same brush had touched the two canvases.

"Well, what do you think of it?" suddenly demanded the artist.

Janet James whirled upon him.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed fiercely.

Horace Kirk's brows dropped lower than ever. This frank condemnation was something quite new to him and he found that he rather enjoyed the experience. He laughed a deep, guttural laugh that further angered the girl.

"It should be flung into the river," she supplemented, and watched him narrowly.

He thought: "At length I have met a girl with a mind of her own, and one who dares."

"I think you are wrong when you call his picture only worthy of the river. I have put my soul in it; if it is horrid my soul is to blame," he said aloud.

A rugged man's gentleness touches a noble girl's heart. More than any other quality does the gentleness of the strong appeal. Janet James' soul responded to this changed and gallant attitude of the painter's.

"I am sure I was wrong," she said hastily.

One moment they continued to look to each other's eyes.

"I paint no more to-day," he said, d without bidding good-by to youth age, he quitted the room. "By avens, at last I have met a girl I can eak to," he thought as he strode off wn the avenue. For a time Janet mes was strangely silent, then talked strangely excited to old Mrs. Meth-n.

Punctually at the hour of four, ents happened. The arrival of the *ater Lily* at the dock next to that ch the Windsor ferries used aroused ch curiosity, for not every day did loiterers obtain so imtimate a view such a resplendent yacht. Janet mes, captainette, navigated her craft ith the dexterity of a Cup Defender, hich fact added to the interest of the ctacle. Brassey stood waiting the *ater Lily's* arrival, and the moment craft came to rest, he dropped oard. A few seconds later he stood fore the painting and swore by the any gods whom art critics worship at here, in verity, stood a genuine orace Kirk.

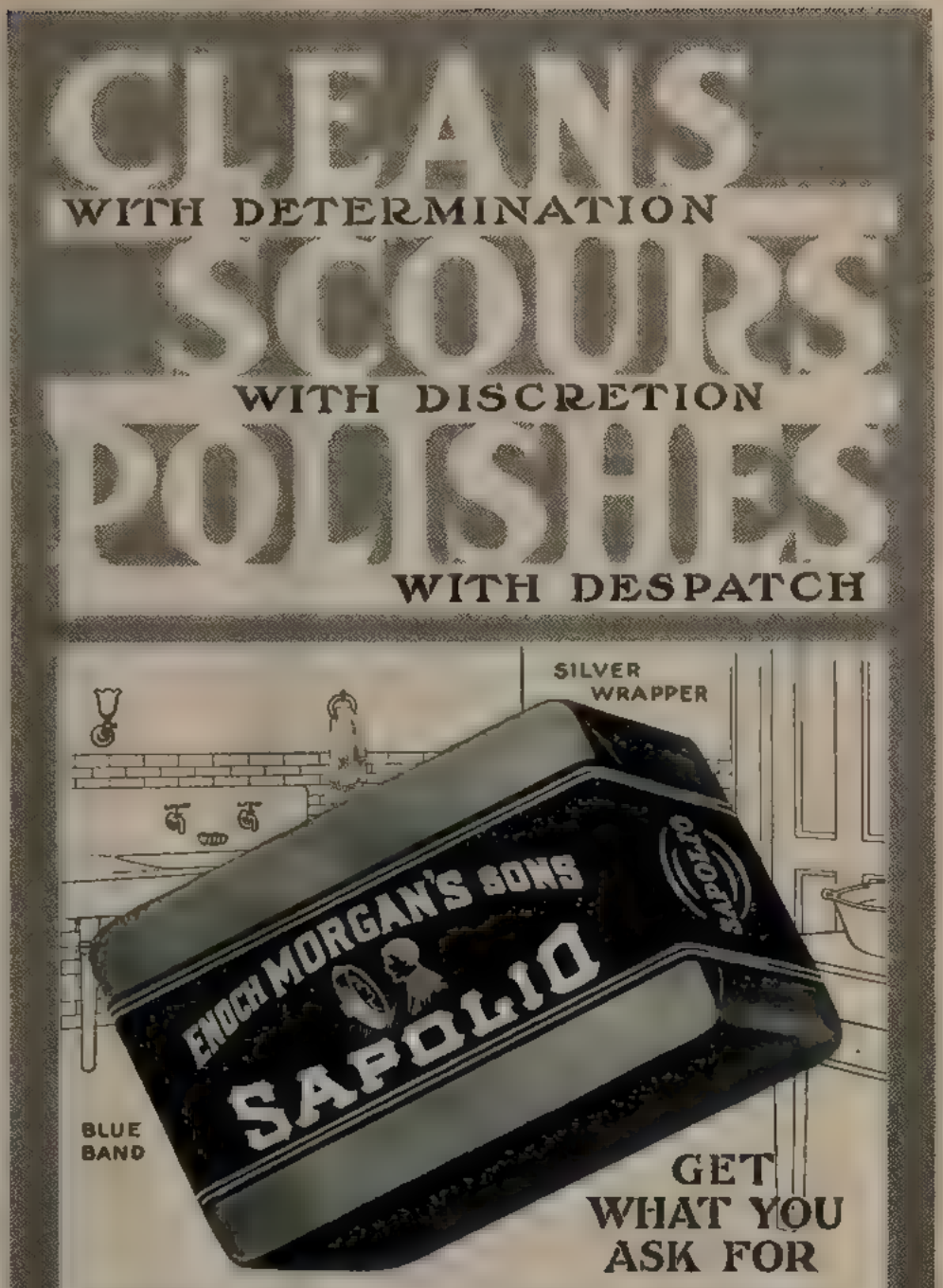
At this interesting moment two men, oticing the knot of idlers gazing down on the yacht and curiosity stirring in eir brains, made across to see what as up. Horace Kirk arrived a jiffy fore the customs officer, but which of e two was the more flabbergasted at holding the French-Canadian, his bin, fireplace, blunderbuss and cruci- aboard that burnished yacht it is ite impossible to say. Almost multaneously they saw, almost simul-neously they took action and almost ntical were their actions In his tural inconsiderate and abrupt way, orace Kirk swung himself heavily to e deck, unceremoniously shouldered assey out of the way, seized the inting and shouted:—

My property, sir."

The next moment, to his angry onishment, he too was shouldered. e customs officer barked:

And I seize your property and place under arrest for smuggling. This your second try at running this ture in from Canada."

"You're an ass—" began Horace k in a morose temper, but he ceased aking when he felt the screw of the ht began to revolve rapidly. Janet nes was taking a hand in the game. o the swirl of the screw the yacht med to leap backwards out upon the id river, then the next instant she t forward and leaning to the touch he rudder, the craft swept a fluent circle out upon the bosom of the r. As the yacht swept past the nue cutter which lay at anchor a e above the ferry dock, the customs cried a notification of his predica- and an officer called upon the



Water Lily to come to, but the lightning craft was across the boundary line before any telling action could be taken.

With words of threat upon his lips the customs officer glanced for the first time up at the miniature bridge of the *Water Lily*, and there he beheld Janet James, in command, yes, Miss Janet James, daughter as ever was of John James, U.S. Senator, and the man who had obtained for Mr. Customs Officer his appointment.

"The joke's on me," he muttered to himself; then finding Janet James, eyes upon him, he raised his hat.

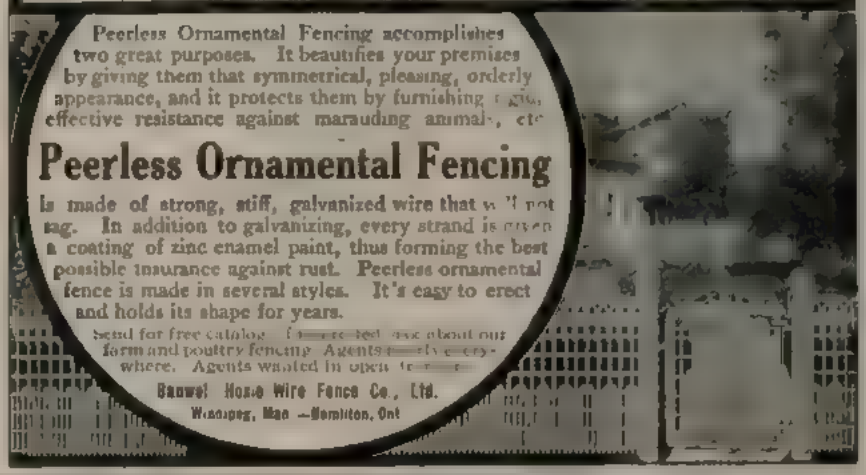
"Miss James," he said frankly, "Miss James' if you'll step aft I think this little international complication can be satisfactorily untangled. I'd like to get back to watch people get off the ferry."

Janet James, first bringing the *Water Lily* to a standstill, stepped aft. The customs man said:

"Miss James, is this your painting ?"

Miss James shook her pretty head.

Beautify and Protect Your Property



Peerless Ornamental Fencing accomplishes two great purposes. It beautifies your premises by giving them that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance, and it protects them by furnishing [illegible] effective resistance against marauding animals, etc

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

Send for free catalog [illegible] about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents [illegible] everywhere. Agents wanted in open [illegible]

Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man —Hamilton, Ont

Great Lake Cruises

To the North Country

"Fresh Water Sea Voyages"—On the Great Lakes—Ideal Travel and Recreation Cruises —with all the material comforts—luxurious appointments and pleasant enjoyments of ocean travel on the Largest Liners.

With the added attractions of delightful excursions to Beautiful Falls,—Interesting Ports and Ship Locks—Fishing Trips—Basket Picnics to Nature's Wildest Nooks—Finest Meals—and comfortable berths all included.

To Duluth, Fort William, Port Arthur, Soo, Mackinac, Georgian Bay and the 30,000 Islands

The Big Northern Navigation Fleet covers all the best routes through the enchanting waters of Lake Superior—Georgian Bay, and the wonderful [illegible] Islands.

From the light draft "Waubic" which wends her way among the myriads of islets to the big new Passenger Steamer "Noronic" all are admirably suited to the routes they serve.

Choose Your Cruise

Let us assist you in planning your outing

We have booklets full of valuable information regarding these different cruises

Check the ones that interest you and send this ad to us.

E. W. Holton, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Personally Conducted Cruises

Cruise No. 1 [illegible] Ont. to Duluth [illegible] via Soo, $[illegible]

Cruise No. 2 [illegible] Ont. to Georgian Bay and [illegible] via Soo, $4[illegible]

Cruise No. 5 From Toronto via [illegible] Sound, Soo, eight [illegible] Toronto, $47 from

Cruise No. 4 From Toronto via [illegible] Trunk [illegible]

Cruise No. 12 [illegible]

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.
Sarnia, Ontario

$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT

CANADA MONTHLY .·. TORONTO, ONT

"It's yours," said the officer, whirling on Kirk

"That's got through your thick head at last, has it ?"

"Were it not for Miss James do you know where your thick head would be In the county jail, that's where."

"Thank God there is one place in America a man can get into without paying a duty."

"Is it necessary for this painting to go into my country ?" asked the officer, overlooking Kirk's insolence.

"What do you mean ?"

"I mean, you're an English[illegible] that's transparent. Are you taking this picture back with you to England

"The chances are, yes."

"Then why not take it by way of Canada ?"

'Customs officers obtain in Canada, too——"

The officer shook his head vigorously

"Not for pictures of value. Your picture worth more than about twenty dollars goes into Canada free."

Kirk scowled up at him.

"Had I known that, all this fuss and bluster would have been saved us.

The customs officer grinned.

"You did not tell me that when the information would have been of value," Kirk reasserted.

"If you'll glance back over the past you'll see that you did not lay yourself out to acquire useful and comforting information from those who were prepared to treat you friendly."

He turned to Janet James.

"If you'll lay the yacht alongside the ferry dock at Windsor, this amiable man can land his picture, and I can get back to my post."

Lo and behold ! It was even as the customs man said. The Canadian people loftily waved Horace Kirk and his They admitted his picture was worth over twenty dollars, and consequently undutiable. Taking his painting under his arm the artist, just saying "I'll be back in a minute," stalked up the slope and entered the first hotel he came to

"Give me a room. I'll pay a week in advance."

The clerk obliged him.

"Now have this accursed painting put in the room, and locked in, and if it attempts to break out you hit it with an ax, and then bolt it to the floor.

The rest of the afternoon and evening Horace Kirk spent aboard the *Water Lily*, careening down the river among the loveliest islands and skirting great reed-grown reaches, in fact taking the preliminary steps which led up to the necessity of writing—MARRIAGES

"Kirk—James. On the 14th inst. at Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., Horace Kirk, of London, England, to Janet only child of the Hon. John James, U.S. Senator. (By Cable).

Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Scandal

Continued from page 139.

November, 1906, the revolutionary war had been over 123 years. Yet at the time of her death Mrs. Damon—incredible as it may seem—was drawing a pension as the widow of a revolutionary soldier.

"Suppose that Noah Damon, the man she married, was 20 years old when peace with England was concluded in 1783 and that he lived alone in single blessedness until, in 1833, he reached the thoroughy ripe age of seventy years.

"Suppose that then he married a girl of twenty, born in 1813. At the time of her death in 1903 his widow would have been 93 years old.

"The war of 1812 has been over more than 100 years. Yet there are still something like 175 widows of 1812 soldiers on the pension rolls. And the army of 1812 was a mere handful compared with the more than 2,000,000 men who served the union in the '60s."

Mr. Hyde sees little hope that the pension graft will diminish, but expects rather to see it increase in the near future. He points out that the people in the States have come to look upon transactions in connection with pensions as legitimate when they would not for an instant tolerate such practices in private business dealings. Mr Hyde writes:

"Legislation is almost certain to be passed which will add an enormous number of women to the pension rolls. At present the widow of any civil war soldier is eligible to pension, provided only that her late husband served at least ninety days in the army, was honorably discharged, and was married to her prior to June 27, 1890. Under this and earlier rulings there are already nearly 300,000 women pensioners.

"But there are many thousands of women who have been married to civil war veterans since June, 1890. Some of them are already widowed, and almost all are anxious to be pensioned. They demand that the date of marriage be advanced say twenty-five years, so that any woman who marries a civil war veteran within fifty years of the close of the civil war may be pensioned when she becomes a widow

"That this demand will be obeyed may be judged by the fact that such a bill passed the lower house in both the last congress and the one before it It was also favorably reported for passage in the senate, where it died on the calendar without final action. It is predicted that it will certainly become a law at the next session of congress."

There seems to be a ray of hope, however, for our Uncle Sam cousins, in the

FINE GRAIN
MED GRAIN
COARS GRAIN
St Lawrence Sugar
Home Jam-Makers!
This hint may Save Your Jam.
It is not everyone who knows that no matter how fresh the berries are, how thoroughly the jam is cooked, nor how clean the jars are, preserves are absolutely sure to spoil if the sugar used contains organic matter impurities—and many sugars do.
As chemical tests are unpractical, home jam-makers might profit by the experience of others, and insist on being supplied with St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar which has always, and for many years, given satisfaction.
It tests over 99.99% pure, and is refined exclusively from cane sugar
IT'S WORTH THE WHILE OF THOSE MAKING JAMS OR JELLIES TO INSIST ON ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR.
Buying the Refinery Sealed Packages avoids mistakes and assures cleanliness and correct weights. Sold in 2lb. and 5lb. cartons, and 10, 20, 25 and 100lb. bags, and in three sizes of grain, fine, medium and coarse. Any good dealer can fill your order.
St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.
St Lawrence Sugar
EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR
MADE FROM CANE SUGAR

You can have a Shower Bath in your own Home

For an Investment of only $15.00.

Do you know the fun of a "Shower Bath"? On nights this Summer when you've slowly parboiled all day in an office that seems like 117 in the fan breeze, wouldn't you like to go home and get under a nice cool shower that would put the starch back into you?

Wouldn't you like to have old friend shower waiting for you in the morning when you get out of bed—to wake you up to the fact that most days are pretty fine days if your blood is circulating right?

Then, wouldn't you prefer to do your regular bathing under a steady flowing shower of clean water, regulated to whatever temperature you desire, than by the old tubbing system? Very few people who have experienced the delights of shower bathing will bother with a bath tub if they can help it. A

NIAGARA SHOWER

MADE IN CANADA.

can be installed in your home, by you, without the aid of a plumber. You just screw it to the wall above the bath tub. ***It is complete in every detail, including a waterproof splash curtain,*** which fully protects the walls and floor. The whole bath, including shower head, pipe, curtain, curtain ring, clips, etc., etc., ***sent to any address in Canada for $15.00.*** All tubing is of Brass heavily nickeled, the hose is of the highest grade rubber, the curtain of high grade duck, etc

You probably want a Niagara Shower in your Home. Write to-day for booklet, or send us your order.

Every bath sold under our guarantee of satisfaction.

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co.,

DEPT. C. Limited

Niagara Falls, - Ontario

wide publicity which has been given the pension scandal throughout the country during the past few months. Many honest congressmen have not dared to vote against the pension bills knowing full well such a vote would mean their defeat at the next election. The public airing of the graft that has been pilfered from the United States government treasury for so many years, will, it is hoped, make it possible for some of these congressmen to express their honest views on future pension measures

Little Sir

Continued from page 142.

John, in his anxiety, came abruptly on to the marsh. He remembered now that he hadn't gone near the dolls' house when he came out of the woods. He began running up and down looking for the beans but soon tired out with the camera things and thought it best to put them down in a safe dry place and go and reconnoitre.

A ten minute walk seems like an hour to a seven year old when some one is waiting anxiously for him at the other end of the line and so John when he at last found the white beans scattered about so plainly on the black leaf mould, thought he had walked at least an hour. But now that he had his bearings he could make up for lost time. He ran back to the tree where he had left his things like a dog with its new found scent. He saw the tree, at last, and then the black things under it. Oh, everything would be all right now.

But when he came up to them, everything was wrong again for the camera was gone. He looked all about in bewilderment and blinked hard to clear his vision but there was no mistake. The cloth cover was there with the plate satchel and tripod on top of it just as he had left them but there was no camera. He thought of the bird man sitting back there in the woods and waiting and trusting in him and a lump came into his throat.

Just then he heard a giggle coming from the dolls' house. It was only a stone's throw from where he stood and he had thought he was very far away from it when he put down those things. There was another giggle and another. He started toward the dolls' house, mechanically, at first and then with a great deal of purpose. He began to remember something that sent a chill to his heart. That was Patty's laugh but there was something unnatural about it. He came and stood in the opening of the dolls' house and looked in. There, on her knees in the middle of the grassy floor was Patty, holding the camera in her feverish little hands. The two plates were lying carelessly on the grass while she worked the slide back and forth and laughed and laughed and laughed

For a moment John was stupified with horror. To think that any one existed who could touch so sacred an object with such levity! It was something new and awful in his experience as if he had found a staring corpse in the innocent playhouse.

But he marched in and demanded the camera in a dominating voice that he had never dared to use with Patty before. He chucked the plates in the best way he could and told her what did so what an awful thing she had done and that she didn't seem to know it either and just thought it was fun

It must be admitted however that Patty did have very grave misgivings about the camera and if John had been anything else but a man he would have known the woman's laughing was hysterical; but he didn't know that and for the same reason he didn't know the blessed thing about her curiosity

John started off and Patty began to cry hard with both little hands over her face.

"What will the bird man say, John? What will he do to me?"

John hesitated and Patty wailed in a weird minor key, "Tell me, tell me, tell me."

John told her it was so awful he didn't know what he'd do. It would be something terrible sure.

And then Patty begged him not to tell the bird man. It was a happy thought and she even smiled through her tears.

John puckered his brow and thought a minute very hard. Girls must be helped and protected by men. He had heard that always. They were not made strong enough to stand severe punishment. Look at Patty there crying, and crying outloud too like a baby and not a bit ashamed of it either. What did girls know about nerve and grit and "sitting tight" and all those things that kids had to brace up to? There sat Mary too, another girl stuck back there in the bushes and scared to death. She hadn't even winked, she was so scared.

John was convinced by his own logic.

"No siree, Patty, I won't tell on you," he pronounced with conviction.

He saw the sunshine leap back into her little face, streaked with dirt and tears and that was his reward. And then he left the dolls' house on the run, the emphatic words of his promise still ringing in his ears.

It was a very different little boy that picked his way back through the woods, his heart heavy, his arms weary with their load and eyes blinking back the tears to see the bean trail.

When the bird man saw him coming a long way off with all the parapher-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CALIFORNIA - 1915

Panama Expositions

SAN FRANCISCO

Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

SAN DIEGO

Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1915

TOWER OF JEWELS
PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Travel to California via the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC. The same fare as in most cases and an additional charge on low excursion fares to cover the cost of meals and berth on Pacific Coast steamships apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the shore direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL is as great in magnitude and interest as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Thompson Rivers of British Columbia besides enjoying a two days' trip through the "Norway of America" on the G T P Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service.

SIDE TRIP TO ALASKA

A short side trip can be made from Prince Rupert to Alaska which time and expense might not permit from a southern port. No other transportation company can offer the choice of routes of the attractions that the Grand Trunk System has arranged for 1915 to California and the Pacific Coast.

Lowest Fares — Electric Lighted Trains
Fine Service — Modern Equipment
Unexcelled Dining Car Service

For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto

G. T. BELL, Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.
S W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

nalia he realized why he had been so long. He had not meant for John to bring anything but the camera itself.

He hurried smiling to meet him thinking what a brick the boy was, he had been in doubt so he just lugged the whole thing right along.

But as he came nearer to John his quick eye saw the protruding plates in the camera and read the story in his face.

To John the bird man looked like a giant, enraged, as he strode up and snatched away the camera.

"Who took those plates out of here?" he demanded.

No answer.

He took John roughly by the shoulder. "Answer me, did you put those plates in this way?"

"Yes, I did," said John stoutly.

The bird man released his hold of the boy and John, numb with grief, watched him in hypnotic fascination. His face underwent a series of changes from anger to astonishment and from astonishment to sadness and remained just sadness. He walked over to the log where he had been waiting for John and seated himself on it with wearied precision like an old man. He placed the camera very gingerly on the ground between his feet and hanging his arms down between his knees he carefully matched the fingers of his two hands together.

John stood there waiting. He didn't know what he was waiting for, in fact it had never occurred to him to move.

The bird man seeing him still there, roused from his stupor and said very gently, "Put the things down, John, and go back to the house."

Every one wondered what had happened to the bird man. It was as if the light of the house had gone out. At table he was silent and so the funny stories and interesting experiences ceased all around. They all realized now that it was only by reflection that they had been brilliant and now that the chief luminary of their little solar system had covered its light, they were glum.

Every one began to talk and conjecture about the bird man and the evidence accumulated like a rolling snowball. They told each other that he never took John with him any more on his trips and that he didn't even notice little Mary who had been such a favorite with him in his romping moods.

The ladies "in appropriate outing effects" whispered that it was a love affair and the suggestion immediately became a certainty.

John lost his appetite and fell into the habit of disappearing. Aunty Bun trotted after, reclaimed and tried to make him talk but he just filled up all the tighter and said nothing.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor;—they are guaranteed by the Proprietor to be absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 36 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES
MANUFACTORY 120 NEW NORTH ROAD LONDON, ENGLAND.

FORD STARTER

Throw away your crank, start from the seat with a Saxdho "TWO COMPRESSION" Starter. Differs from all others. Positively guaranteed to start. Write Dept. C

GEO. W. MacNEIL CO.,
86 Richmond, W., Toronto.

THE SANITARY O K ERASER includes an Adjustable Metal Holder. Two Rubbers are made, best quality; one for Typewriter and ink one for Pencil. Each rubber will last 8 months to a year. The Holder is fitted down so used up rubber is fed down as required without injuring and but Price 10¢ Refills 5¢ ALL STAT Everybody should have the New Eraser. Be me Zc extra. Booklet free. THE O K MFG CO., Syracuse, N Y

"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car
Price $590

The best that money can buy -is the labor that goes into the Canadian Ford Our workmen are the highest paid motor car mechanics in the British Empire. This means dollars saved in after expense to the man who drives a Ford "Made in Canada." Because the Ford is built right.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30 000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

Runabout $540; Town Car $840; F O B Ford, Ontario, with all equipment, including electric headlights Cars on display and sale at any Branch Manager—or write Ford Motor Company, Limited Ford, Ontario, for catalogue B-1.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Patty was peevish because John couldn't play, Aunty Bun was worried and the only happy person left on the farm was little Mary.

Aunty Bun was willing enough to fall in the general belief that the bird man was suffering from an unfortunate love affair but that was just one thing she didn't have to worry about. What was of concern her was the way he neglected John and she meant to speak to him about it. She was positive the bird man would never hurt the boy's feelings intentionally.

Aunty Bun's few words came upon the bird man like a thunderclap. He realized for the first time that he had been acting strangely toward every one of causing them to wonder and comment and it certainly was far from his generous nature to be peevish or to spoil the general enjoyment by his own gloom. Aunty Bun had made him feel like a schoolboy,—not by what she had said but because she had wakened him out of a dream. He walked out into the yard feeling foolish and very much ashamed of himself

The first object that met his eyes was little Mary pulling a toy sheep along the grass by a string while it teetered and teetered after her in drunken disobedience.

He caught her up to his shoulder in the old way and said,

"You're just the girl I'm looking for. Now hold tight," and away they went down the long slope of the lawn.

"Oh! I dropped my seep, bird man," she said, wriggling to get down

"No you don't, young lady Now you just tell me if you like your bird man any more and I'll get the sheep. If you don't then Mary won't have any pet lamb at all."

"Well," said Mary, sticking to her side of the bargain, "Oor so cwoss."

"Oh, I'm cross, eh? What makes you cross then, have you any ideas about that?"

"Well, I des spose oor cwoss wif Patty cause she pulled oor camwa all to pieces.

The bird man picked up the sheep very thoughtfully and gave it to Mary, and she never guessed why he became quiet again and why he patted her head when he set her down and said "Good little Mary."

The bird man slept very little that night and rose at day-break to look for Pan the only early riser on the farm himself

John was sitting on a little hummock watching the sunrise and listening to the hallelujah chorus of the birds. He was drawn up in a ball hugging his knees with his head resting on his knees and the round curve of his back outlined against the glowing horizon.

The bird man's first impulse was to jump up and put his arm around the tiny

Grow Grain—make your Fortune

Get our free book, "The Homeseekers' and Settlers' Guide," containing valuable information regarding Canada's richest farming country—125,000 recently surveyed free fertile farms. Eastern farmers are getting rich on Western wheat farms. We will help you select your free farm.

A big advantage to homeseekers and settlers who select their free farm now. The present high prices of grain are taking thousands of Eastern farmers to Western Canada.

Free information to settlers regarding our low round trip rates every Tuesday from March to October. Even if you have already selected your farm, it will pay you to travel on the Canadian Northern with stopover privileges. Canadian Northern lines serve over 4,000 miles of Canada's richest farming country.

Homestead now and get your pick of the best farms. Be sure and write to-day for a free copy of "The Homeseekers' and Settlers' Guide" and low rates to Western Canada.

A FORTUNE IS WAITING FOR YOU

On the **Canadian Northern Railway**

R. L. FAIRBAIRN, Gen. Pass. Agt. Room 3, 68 King St. E. Toronto, Ont.

R. CREELMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt. Room 5, Union Station Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

THE

Canadian Bank of Commerce

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO

CAPITAL $15,000,000 REST $13,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., *President*

ALEXANDER LAIRD, *General Manager* JOHN AIRD, *Assistant General Manager*

V. C. BROWN, *Superintendent of Central Western Branches*

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA, AND IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND; THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number.

Accounts can be opened and operated by mail as easily as by a personal visit to the bank

IF YOU NEED MONEY HERE'S A JOB FOR YOU

That will develop into a good position if you are not afraid to work. We want folks with good, rich blood, with determination, with happy dispositions and the "bound-to make-good-habit." A beginner ought to earn $20 a week and many of our representatives make double this amount. If you make good we won't let you go. If you want, clean, honest, healthy, out door work, write to-day. Address

AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT

The 1916

Overland

$1050

MODEL 69 F.O.B. HAMILTON

$375 Less Than Last Year

This 1916 Overland is essentially the same as our 1915 Overland—the famous Model 80 that sold for $1425. It is the largest four cylinder Overland that will be produced this season.

Specifications:

35 Horsepower motor
High-tension magneto ignition
5-Bearing crankshaft
Thermo-syphon cooling

Underslung rear springs
33" x 4" tires; non-skid in rear
Demountable rims; with one extra

Electric starting and lighting system
Headlight dimmers
Rain-vision, ventilating type built-in windshield

Instrument board on cowl dash
Left-hand drive, centre control
One-man top and top cover
Magnetic speedometer

Overland dealers are showing samples now.

New catalogue is ready. Please address Dept. 3.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

New Models Now on Display at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

all of humanity, but that wouldn't lo. John raised his head and measur-d him with round-eyed solemnity.

The man had never thought of being embarrassed before Little Sir but he ound himself awkwardly jingling the change in his pockets and wondering a ittle what to do next. And then too, e felt the deep injury he had done the child and the presumption of trying to epair it in a minute

"Look here, John," he began bravely, 'I find I've made a—" John rose to his eet looking like the baby owl of wis-lom.

The bird man laid a hand on his houlder and his face was very tender ut he said very brusquely, "John, old nan, I m going to the woods this norning, will you be my scout ?"

"Sure," said John stoutly with only ne little embarrassed corner of his nouth smiling.

"That's a bet then," said the bird nan. "Shall we shake on it ?"

As Little Sir held out his hand, his ace was very solemn and restrained ut in his little pent-up heart a May-lay riot of colors and love and life lanced wild hornpipes on the green.

Winning the D.C.M.

Continued from page 145.

Thank goodness, in an action like his, you kind of lose your senses and cease to be your normal self. An eleva-ion above all ordinary feeling comes ver you and you feel as though you re rushing through air. There is so nuch to frighten you that you cease o be afraid. Then your senses gradu-lly come back. That is why all in-antry attacks should be carried through ith one overwhelming rush.

Then I saw about 60 of the——— Regiment strolling down the road. We sked them where they were going, ne man replied:

"We have stormed every trench nd every bloomin' village in this uddy country. All our officers are hot, so we thought it about time some ne else had a go."

I got back to the trenches, where had left the battalion, and shortly fterward we were ordered to move for-ard to the left. This we did until lmost opposite to Aubers. At 5.30 .m., orders came that we were to orm a suburb of Aubers. I had not he least idea of how things were going, xcept that Neuve Chapelle had been aken.

Again we advanced across the open nder every sort of infernal missile vented by Krupp & Co. for the de-truction of mankind.

We crossed ground covered with ead and wounded, so I suppose some attalion had already attacked without success. We did not make much progress and just as it was growing dusk we received orders to entrench ourselves where we were. This we proceeded to do with alacrity.

Here we passed the night, but what a night !

Every gun, every machine gun, every rifle kept up an incessant fire. No one was aiming at anything in particular. It was just a great blaze off. As practice it was superb.

Flames from the bursting shells made a wonderful picture. And the din ! Well, you would not have believed such a row possible

Although we all tried to, sleep was out of the question. We just lay low under cover of our shelter trenches and waited for the dawn. Our men were still full of fight.

At 7 a.m., an order came round, battalion to advance on Aubers again.

I was in one of the rear trenches with one of the machine guns. My sergeant got up and fell back with a bullet in his leg. Then a soldier got up and received one bang through the heart. Then I was just climbing out of the trench when I felt a terrific blow

I fell back. There was blood all over me. My men tore off my coat and bandaged me up and some stuck with me.

Lake Louise as seen from the verandah of the C. P. R. Chateau Hotel

LAKE LOUISE

Sky-high in the Canadian Rockies like melted amethyst in a Chalice of snow-clad mountains.

Loveliest Lake on Earth

With a luxurious hotel at hand of Canadian Pacific Standard—none better.

Travel by Canadian Pacific Railway

Nature's Exposition Route
Through the Canadian Rockies

To the California Expositions

No Extra Fares for Stop-over Privileges.

Write for Booklet "Resorts in the Rockies," obtainable from any C. P. R. agent or

C. E. E. USSHER,
Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL, QUE.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade
Vanderhoof, B. C.

"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.

C. M. JULY

BOARD OF TRADE,
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I wish to get a farm of .....acres for .....

at about $..... .....per acre. My resources are about $..... ..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

All day we were under a terrific fire from every sort of shell. They fell all around our trenches and when you are wounded this is not pleasant, let me tell you.

A soldier came limping in with a bullet in his leg. "I m off to the dressing station," he said .

We told him it was too dangerous and advised him to wait until after dark. He insisted going on and had only moved about ten yards when a shell got a direct hit on him

After dark some stretcher bearers came around and carried me back. We had only gone a short way when the Germans started lighting us up with their infernal Roman candles

They then poured in volleys and the stretcher party had to make for cover, dragging me with them. Later they managed to get me away.

The days that separated me from England and this white peacefulness aren't very clear. Even the first week here was a series of dreams, through which Nurse Josephine's face used to loom, smiling and very pitiful because she *had* to wake me up to prevent my rousing the whole wing. Charge after charge swept across the endless mud-flats of my brain, and if I wasn't General French, at least I seemed to be responsible for megaphoning all the orders. She has told me since that I have a wonderful voice ! These night-mare-battles are of constant occurrence in the hospital. All the new arrivals have them.

A man from Brandon in the next room came in just after me. He was at Neuve Chapelle too, but in the village itself. He says that his battalion captured the place at the bayonet point, which is generally grim business, in which instant and unconditional surrender is the only means by which a great deal of bloodshed can be prevented.

It looked as if an earthquake had struck the village, the chaos was so utter The very lines of the streets were all but obliterated and hardly a stone remained upon a stone It was indeed a scene of desolation into which the rifle brigade of the First Regiment to enter the village raced along.

"Of the church only the bare shell remained. The little churchyard was devastated, and its very dead plucked from the graves. Broken coffins and ancient bones were scattered amid the fresher dead slain that morning.

"Of all the once fair village but two things remained intact, the great crucifixes reared aloft, one in the church yard and the other over against the chateau.

"The din and confusion were indescribable. Through the pall of shell smoke Germans were seen on all sides, some emerging half dazed from cellars

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorous match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT
"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"

Catches the Germ with the Fly.
Made in Canada by
THE O. & W. THUM CO.
Dept. 269 Walkerville, Ont.
American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.

DEAN
Sunnyside Cruiser
CANOES

Dean Canoes are made on the close ribbed metallic joint construction. Sample sent on request.

Drop a postal card to-day for our 1915 Catalogue "C". Here you have your selection of these beautiful, moderate priced canoes.

WALTER DEAN, FOOT OF YORK STREET, Toronto, Ont.

"The Canoe that made Toronto famous."

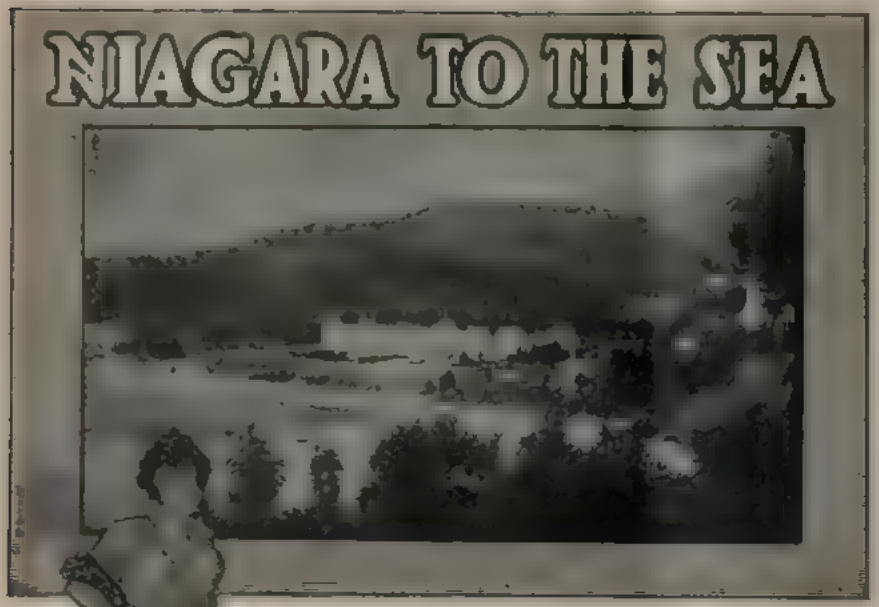
HOTEL RADISSON
MINNEAPOLIS

Offers a cordial welcome and courteous service to all.

RATES

Rooms with Running Water - - $1.50 per day
Rooms with Toilet and Running Water $2.00 per day
Rooms with Bath and Toilet - - - - $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

NIAGARA TO THE SEA



Miss Canada as she appears in picturesque Quebec

Come—Visit This Quaint Little Lady, in Her Quaint Old Home

Europe itself is not more "old-world" in atmosphere than Quebec. Venice is not more delightful in scenery than the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The sea-side is tame compared with a trip down this beautiful river. It's an enchanted river; and the Saguenay is equally interesting in a different way. Both are included in the wonderful trip, "Niagara to the Sea," that costs only $24.55 (return fare, Niagara Falls to Saguenay River).

Our beautiful book of views will help you to decide where to go this summer. Have you written for a copy of it yet? Send 6c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Thos. Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager,

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

132 Victoria Square, Montreal.

TRAVEL ALL AROUND THE WORLD AND YOU WILL FIND NOTHING SUPERIOR IN SURROUNDINGS OR SERVICE
BUFFALO'S IDEALLY LOCATED HOTEL

HOTEL LENOX

North St., at Delaware Ave., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Patrons who visit this hotel once, invariably tell their friends that—for *Fair Rates* ... complete and perfect equipment and unfailing courtesy

BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

unquestionably excels. Beautifully located in quiet section—North St. at Delaware Ave. Thoroughly modern—fireproof. Best obtainable cuisine and service.

European Plan - $1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Take Elmwood Ave. car to North St. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also for Special Taxicab Arrangement.

C. A. MINER, Manager

and dugouts, their hands above their heads, others dodging around shattered houses, others firing from windows, from behind carts and behind overturned tombstones."

Question of Transportation

Continued from page 153.

He passes it on to the fellows at the post, or at the police barracks, or both. It soon filters out. The Indian, gossip and visitor that he is, carries it into the wilds. The breed, the guide, the hunter, the mail man, the stage driver, each does his duty along this line. As a result, to quote holy writ, "nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed." The tenderfoot cannot comprehend the news system of the North, and is continually in a flutter of surprise. For instance, there was the young Englishman we passed at Allie Brick's. He was of the reticent order, had come out to revel in isolation, and was mad clear through. "A bloomin' nuisance, don't you know," he complained. "I could have sworn nobody in these parts was aware of my name even. Yet a few days back a voluble old dame, who keeps a place falsely called a "rest-house,"—regular fat one she is,—sat on the doorstep and told me who I was, where I hailed from, and —stuttering in his wrath—"how many shirts I had in my pack—actually, how many shirts —my word! How do you explain it?" We do not explain it at all. It is one of the unique conditions of the wilderness life.

It is after we have passed the government dredge at work deepening the river, construction camps of the Edmonton and Dunvegan railway, and road-making parties galore, that the driver of the bull team airs his views on transportation. The question being a vital one, and the settler the man most concerned with it, we quote him.

"What's needed is a decent road over which one can take his belongings. The country is a good one—if I didn't believe it, I'd still be back on my little Ontario fruit farm—but it's the devil's own place to get in." These emphatic words are the settler's, not ours. "The trail we've passed over is enough to make a man turn tail and hike for whence he came. There's a whole neighborhood of us—the only way to make the move. If I'd started out by my lonesome, ten to one my ambition to homestead on the plains of the Peace would by this time be buried in one of these cusssed muskegs, drowned in an airhole, or had its back broken among the logs and stumps; and I'd be invaliding myself back to a good road community.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

They Indicate Methods Which Are Obsolete Now

Folks who have corns are folks who pare them, or use liquids, or some other old-time treatment—ways not up-to-date.

Most folks don't keep corns now. When one appears they apply a **Blue-jay** plaster. The pain stops instantly In 48 hours the corn disappears forever.

A famous chemist found this way to end corns without pain or soreness. Now millions use it. Fully half the corns that grow are ended as soon as they appear.

There is no excuse for corns. You can't prevent them, maybe, but you can remove them quickly. There will be no lasting corns on any feet when all folks know of **Blue-jay**.

Blue-jay
Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Samples Mailed Free

Baner & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Covered Buttons · Hemstitching · Box Pleating · Accordion Pleating · Kilt Pleating · Pleated Skirts to Order · Embroidery · Scalloping · Knife Pleating

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

TORONTO PLEATING CO.

14 BREADALBANE · STREET · TORONTO

PHONES N.6400 6401

KERMATH Marine Engines

America's Standard 4 Cycle Marine Motor

4 Cycle 4 cylinder 12 to 70 H P Highest quality Sure operation No vibration Operates silent as an Automobile Motor Exceptionally economical Furnished as a standard equipment by over 50 per cent of the world's leading boat builders Catalog on request

$150 to $340 depending on equipment

KERMATH MFG CO 1240 48 Detroit Mich

But a company like ours can keep its courage up. One may be belating, but another will be singing. If one is down another is up in the air, I may feel like turning coward and dropping out, but Lord bless you, there's lots to make me come to the rack, hay or no hay, and laugh or jaw me till the fit passes. There's nothing makes you feel better than to know the neighbor from home is shoulder to shoulder with you.

"How did you happen to start out together?" we ask.

"We didn't happen, not by a long sight. We planned hard, and steady It's a good many weeks since we hit the trail—we're getting on to the land of promise. High time, too. For the best results a man should be on his homestead ready for business by March—or earlier. Sorry we started? Not much, only we've an everlasting grouch at the trail. If the government wants settlers, as it makes out, why under heavens doesn't it give us a half decent road to travel? I read in a Winnipeg paper that the crying need of the north country was men to turn her furrows, but, believe me, the crying need number one is a highway for these men to come in on. The land route is rotten, simply rotten.

"It is the land route the settler must stick to." He continues, "The Northern Navigation Company offers an easy journey to the north—that's a nice boat of theirs goes winding up the Athabaska, and the six-seated light wagon they make the twenty mile portage in, isn't to be sniffed at. The lake boat "Midnight Sun," looks good to me, and I hear she has a captain to be proud of, also an engineer worth while. I'd like first rate to sail in her straight up the Lesser Slave to Grouard instead of circling all the way around by land. But these luxuries are for the tourists, and others of that ilk. They're not for the homesteader. One thing, he couldn't afford the passage money for a whole family; for another, he couldn't pay the freight on his furniture and farming implements; for yet another, his live stock couldn't be accommodated. He has to take every thing right along with him. In the north if you want what you have not got you are liable to keep right on wanting it. So the settler gets him a "pullman" on wheels or runners, as the case may be; loads it with the most precious of his possessions, the wife, the bairns; gathers his flocks and herds; says his prayer—to the patriarch's God if he is a Christian, to the gods of chance if he is pagan, and is up and away. It is this mah the country wants, has to have. The sightseer, the trader, speculator, these go in for what they can bring back, but he goes in to plow and sow, to make good—and to stay. His youngsters will be native born and proud of it And seeing that the country has to have him, and the sooner the better, the country should get busy and secure the attention of a live good roads commission. It's sure needed. Good-bye and good luck!"

We have come to the parting of the ways. The bull brigade has been an experience, but now we go by carriage and pair back to Peace River Landing, back through the forest blackened by fires, and over the hills and valleys to Grouard, there to board the boat for the homeward journey. Standing by the little wayside mission as the dawn

The first successful detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motor was the Evinrude.

Before you buy a detachable Motor it will pay you to investigate the exclusive features, unique advantages and superior quality of the 1915 Model.

The Evinrude Detachable Motor

is Safe, Simple, Serviceable

The automatic reverse (an exclusive Evinrude feature) is of tremendous advantage in manœuvering for a landing or passing other craft.

This wonderful little Motor can be attached to any rowboat or canoe in a minute. It develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour. Is perfect in design, dependable, and so simple a child can operate it

Some of its many advantages are:

Automatic Reverse
Maxim Silencer
Built-In Magneto
Weedless Propeller
It's Light, but Powerful

Shall we mail you our handsome catalogue and send you the name of our **nearest Canadian Agent?**

Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau

110 S. BROAD ST., NEW YORK CITY

If you want a Wall Board that will give you the best service at the lowest cost —one that keeps the rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer—ask your dealer about

Certain-teed

Wall Board

Tests made on six high grade Wall Boards show that *Certain-teed* is the strongest and that it resists dampness and water better than any other Wall Board.

It can be used in houses, offices, factories, etc. Permanent and temporary booths can be quickly and inexpensively built with *Certain-teed Wall Board*. It can be applied by any careful workman who follows directions.

Our Certain-teed roofings are known and have made good all over the world.

For sale by dealers everywhere, at reasonable prices

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Seattle, London, Hamburg, Sydney

HOW CONVENIENT!

CAN you imagine anything more convenient than a light, strong, graceful folding table, which may be set up, at a moment's notice, anywhere? You have need of such a table in your home. It is the

PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

—the table of manifold uses. Everyone who sees one, wants one. It's uses multiply. It is never in the way because it may be folded up when not in use, and tucked away behind the door. Your furniture dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

MADE IN CANADA

Write for FREE Booklet F describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

HOURD & CO., LIMITED

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

DENNISTEEL
LONDON - CANADA
THE BEST STEEL LOCKERS MADE IN CANADA
MADE BY
THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS

flings lances of flame on every hand, we watch, for the last time, the breaking of camp. The suggestiveness of it fires the imagination. There is the clamor of voices, the lowing of oxen, the scrunch of steel shod runner on the frozen snow as the six shining bulls get down to work with sulky head shakings and rumbling protests; there go the black oxen, the red ones, the brindle, the spotted, the brown, the grizzly, staid old fellows bending to the yoke, frisky young ones despising it. There they go, around the bend, over the hill, on and on, the little houses swaying recklessly, the women waving from their doors. The men have no time for farewells, they are attending strictly to business. A procession of homeseekers—not adventurers, not amateurs, but seasoned farmers from an older province, men with the bark on. Good luck go with them!

To leave behind old associations, the comforts and conveniences of civilization, and trek to this, or any other new country is no light undertaking. One needs to be big enough to forget, strong enough to look ahead, young enough to take root easily.

The man who means to make a home in the north will refrain from criticism of the country if he wishes to be friends with the natives. They are patriotic, in their own way, excessively so, and their store of local pride is marked.

Mr. Cornwall, member of the legislation for Peace River District, illustrates this point with a joke upon himself. When Mr. Cornwall married, he took his bride on a six months' tour of his constituency. So impressed, was the lady with the country that when, a year or so later, a daughter came to the home, the new arrival was christened Peace. Naturally the Peace River natives were delighted, "Jim" Cornwall being one of themselves, the "big white brother," and their pride and boast. Just as naturally, other natives felt a trifle jealous. One old woman of the Smoky river for whom Mr. Cornwall had settled a cattle dispute and who called him her nephew, by way of grateful appreciation, cornered him on his next visit among them, and began:

"We hear the Good Spirit give you daughter of your own."

Mr. Cornwall confessed that such was the case.

"You call her by name of Peace, eh?" Again the big man of the legislature owned up. The Indian woman brooded, then brightened "So," she said, "it is as it should be Peace is fine river, Smoky fine river, too,—heap fine

"Sure, the Smoky is all right," agreed Mr. Cornwall, glad to humor her, "I say so and I ought to know." "So"—the "so" of an Indian, long, drawn, subtle, carries a significance

H.P.

England's most popular

SAUCE

has not advanced in price.

There's economy in using H P — the odds and ends are made simply delicious with just a few drops of the —

One and Only H.P. SAUCE from England

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

Minard's Liniment

Made in Canada

CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the best make of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
59 FRASER AVENUE
TORONTO

S-63

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

out of all proportion to the size of the word. "So, you promise me something, nephew? By'n by come a son, maybe, and him you will call Smoky. It is true is it not? Tell your wife her little daughter is Peace, her little chieftain will be Smoky. It is well.'

Here was a dilemma. He hated to hurt her local pride by refusing, hated to deceive her by seeming to agree. He flashed her the smile peculiar to him, open, friendly, confidential, and said, "A name must fit. We call our daughter Peace. She is a quiet, happy child, vexing no one, and allowing nothing to vex her. Peace is a proper name for her. "But Smoky"—the smile deepened, "well, you remember that my wife is even fairer than I. If the Great Spirit is good, and gives us a son some day, he's bound to be a tow head, not a bit the right complexion to carry the name of Smoky. What do you think, Auntie?"

"That is no lie," and the old woman's smile answered his, "Smoky fine name for brown baby, not make right sound on baby white like milk, no, no. Call him Jim, that is name we like, eh?" But James Jr., who arrived duly on the scene a year or so ago, has the nickname of "Smoky" all the same.

Children of Grand Pre

Continued from page 149.

of those gigantic and cataclysmic struggles by means of which the Indians accounted for the devastations of the glacial era. Gluskap was victorious though he had to throw the Five Islands, one after the other, at the wicked tail-flapper, who at last lay crushed beneath the final missile. Then Gluskap tore open the dam and the tides roared up to the last limit of the last beach and retreating, carried the bad Big Beaver with them!

When my dream-holiday was nearing its last chapter, I came back through Digby, where I tasted the famous "Digby chickens", small, delicate, plump herrings, and some of the town's cherries, great gypsy-red jewels, though alas, these were "canned," as the season was too far advanced to go gathering them off the trees as I should like to have done. As it was, I ate them in a deep dish, a gold-banded heirloom, heaped up with clotted cream, and anyone who would have sighed for Rector's or the College Inn in preference could have had every French-served table of them, for all o' me. I was in the real France; Acadian-made, Norman-kirtled, fiddle-tripping France. The last evening I wandered down to the shore, a little loneliness creeping over me as I realized that it would be the last night I'd watch the boys and men tackle the defunct monster with knives and hooks and hew him into suitable gobbets.

Last of all, I left the train at Weymouth, I and my suitcase and my Longfellow, and I zigzagged down through the district of Clare where the descendants of Evangeline's folk have strung their little white cottages for miles along the highway, an endless, changeless village street. Here is the Acadian speech; here are the narrow strip farms; for each landholder at his death divides his farm among his children, careful to leave each a bit o' road and a bit o' water. And as the family is often as long and as leisurely as the village street, this tends to subdivide the original acres until they become mere gay green little stripes in a vast blanket of ground-contentment. It is thoroughly characteristic of the Acadian that he doesn't think of migrating

Rooms that —smile a welcome

There are such rooms—and among them are those finished in Luxeberry White Enamel. This finish adds a touch of lasting brightness—a dainty, delightful freshness—to any room.

Your floors can be made beautiful, too—and at the same time water-proof and wear-proof—with Liquid Granite—the lasting, water-proof floor varnish.

BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Varnish Makers
(Established 1858)
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Tested and tried for 58 years—these two products are supreme. Interesting Booklet on finishing free from Berry Brothers dealer or direct.

Lasting, Waterproof, Floor Varnish.

LIQUID GRANITE

Summer Ices

Cooling creams and ices "stand better" and are smoother if made with

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

(*It's Granulated*)

It is the secret of home-made frozen dainties—this Grape Juice Sherbet will prove it.

Grape Juice Sherbet

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes. Make a syrup by boiling 1 cup sugar and ½ cups boiling water ten minutes, and add soaked gelatine. Cool slightly and add 1 pint grape juice, 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice; then freeze. Serve in glasses and garnish with candied violets or fruit, if desired.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample (enough to make this grape sherbet) for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX CO.

503 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N.Y.

Packed in Montreal, P.Q. and Johnstown, N.Y.

DIAMONDS

$1—$2—$3

WEEKLY

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, $1, $2 or $3 Weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

Write to-day for Catalogue, it is free

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers

15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

in order to better his condition any more than he thought of resisting the enforced migration of 1755. Filled with twentieth century ambition, the itch to turn a penny into a nickel and a nickel into a show, inclines us to look down on these folk "whose lives glide on like the rivers that water the woodlands." But sometimes I wonder whether it is not better to be content with a Norman cap and a spinning wheel, and love under a thatched roof, than to be crying for thirty-two hats—and the vote?

The Incarnations of G. J. Skaggs

Continued from page 165.

drove on board. They hears this razoo goin' on overhead an' they wakes up excited, an' begins to breathe out fire an' smoke, accordin' to their nachur when disturbed, an' that's all the' is to the alarm. George he's so het up by all these events that he gits mad an' grabs the emergency hose an' turns it down their throats until they almost blow up with their own steam, an' rolls over in agony, an' that's all fer them fer a month.

"While he's attendin' to this an' the saloon deck is clear, them rampagin' animiles makes a break fer the hatches, an' when George an' the boys gets back, they got a job on hand, if ever the' was one.

"'I can't remember all about it, Bill,' he says to me, 'an' sometimes it seems jest like a rough house dream,' he says, 'but this I do get, clear. Hawt iern bars an' firin' pistols an' slashin' with the whips all fell down, the' was so many kinds of the schere meat eaters an' blood drinkers. Fer a day an' a night we kinda kep' 'em partly awed by the power of the human eye, but when they gits over that an' begins nibblin' at me an' my fambly I jest has to give it up. Seems they was so wild with hunger,' he says, 'that we looked as good to them as any other kinda meat, an' the' was nawthin' to it but we must beat it fer the bridge while the' was any beatin' left.'

"They holds them there over three weeks, them animiles does, until they had et themselves full of each other an' laid down to sleep it off; an' George an' his family, as he tells it, tremblin' an' despairin', not able to do nawthin' but send out a carrier pigeon every hour an' watch it come home with its feet clean. The messroom is jest below them, an' they was able to get food up with a grapplin' iern night times, so they don't starve.

"'It's lucky,' says George to me, "it's lucky we're in no danger from thurst, because it's rainin' like Niagara falls. He says it was all they could do to keep the water out of their eyes an' mouths. An' all this while, he says, them cramniverous creachers down on the main deck and in the hold is havin' a war of extermination, lunchin' off each other an' makin' the most awful noises y'ever heard, every minit of the twenty-four. An' the milder animiles, the hay eaters, when venturin' forth timidly in search of food, would bolt so much that most of 'em got blowed.

"The' was one blessin', though, he says. The snakes got seasick, all but one big boar constrictor, that choked himself to death tryin' to swallow a beheemawth of holy writ wrong end first; an the hawgs set to an' et him.

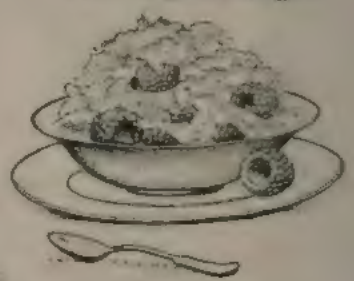
"'I'm a poor man, Bill,' George says to me, 'but I'd a slipped a tenspot to

For breakfast to-morrow try Raspberries and

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

10c a package



Smother raspberries with Corn Flakes; a layer of berries, then Corn Flakes and so on until dish is filled. Serve with cream and a little powdered sugar.

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Made in Canada

anybody't coulda showed me a piece o' land five feet square that I coulda reached by jumpin'. I never did know how many specimens I lost in that there awful carnage,' he says, 'but I do know the' was more kinds of animiles in the world before the flood than the' was after, because all the weakest ones was took in by the strongest, which alone,' he says, 'survived to tell the mournful tale—an' they ain't tellin' it.'

"He says that several times now when he retires to private life fer a few days with a jug he sees some o' these here lost varieties come peerin' at 'im in the dark, reproachful, like they's sayin' to 'im:

" 'See what you done to us.'

"An' some of 'em, he says, is reel cute, but some is hawruble. An' he's never bin able to count up more'n a hundred an' seven different kinds, because, he says, about that time he gits confused, for they git busy eatin' each other like they has to hurry up an' git through by six o'clock, an' then he can't tell any more of 'em apart.

" 'I never felt such a relief in my life, ner any o' my lives, before ner sence," he says, 'as I done when one o' them homin' pigeons comes back with mud on its feet an' a leaf in its bill, fer then I know we're headed fer shore. The rain stopped about that time, but it was warm an' foggy,' he says, 'an' the lookout up forrard didn't sight land fer a hour or more.

"According to him, it was a flat table land, on top of a mountain, an' the water was dreenin' off an' recedin' so rapidly by evap'ration that before they'd made fast to a rocky pinnacle on the beach, the ship was stranded on a uptilt, an' he says he's willin' to bet a month's salary with anyone that'll pay his expenses out an' back that he can go there any day an' find it, an' prove the hull story.

" "Tain't so vurry long ago,' he says, 'fer a man at's lived as long an' as many times as I have, an' I know what that boat's made of. I oughta,' he says, kinda defiant. But I don't take 'im on. I ain't strong fer sportn propositions anyway.'

"Well, anyhow. Here's where June, Angevine & Titus comes in. They useta be the oldest circus firm in the business—long before Mr. Barnum. Nobody knows how long they was goin', ner when they begun. That's where that sayin' come from about their leasin' Noah's menagerie, but they always did run a moral show, with the best printn money could buy, an' they was the most enterprisin' men I ever knew when it come to collectin' specimens of the animile kingdom.

"Accordin' to George J. Skaggs, they was camped on that mountain top, waitin' fer 'im. An' Lew June makes him a offer of a hundred thousan' shekels, in the coin of them times, fer the cargo as she stands, with the treasurer right there an' the cash in the wagon.

" 'No man ever looked so good to me, Bill,' he says, 'as Lew June an' his pardners did that day. How they come there I don't know an' I don't care, but they said there was a English manager on the lookout, by the name o' Wombwell, an' they'd beat him to the spot, with the money, thereby scorin' another triumph fer American enterprise long before America was invented. He says he was glad enough to let 'em have the hull aggregation, without countin' ner makin' a price per head.

" 'My dooty was done,' he says. 'I only made 'em give me a bond,' he says, 'that they'd give the animiles good an' sufficient care an' provender, an' closed the deal.'

" 'That is,' he says, 'all but one pair.' He'd fergot them two dragons. He says he found 'em dead asleep an' snorin' like a team o' sawmills when

Anastigmatic
and
Autographic
$27.50

The New 3A KODAK

Has the autographic feature whereby you can date and title your films *at the time of exposure*, is fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 lens—a lens that leaves nothing to be desired in definition (sharpness) and flatness of field and has more speed than even the best of the Rapid Rectilinear lenses.

The shutter is the Kodak Ball Bearing with instantaneous speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual time and "bulb" actions. High grade in every detail.

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½, Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.*7.7,	$27.50
Do., with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	22.50

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto.

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S

EATS LYE DIRT

THE BEST DISINFECTANT KNOWN.

USED FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP. FOR SOFTENING WATER AND FOR OVER 500 OTHER PURPOSES.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

E.W.GILLETT CO.LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

WINNIPEG MONTREAL

they was cleanin' ship before goin' down to the flat lands to begin poplatn the yearth as required, him an' his boys. Not knowin' what else to do with 'em, an' not needn no dragons fer no immejit purpose, he routed 'em out an' cut 'em loose. He'd had enough of animiles fer one lifetime, he says, an' never wanted to set eyes on another.

"The last he seen of them dragons, he says, they was headed for China, flyin', an' leavin' a trail o' fire an' smoke.

"'If I'd a knew,' he says, 'what trouble I was layin' up fer myself in the future when I done that,' he says. 'I'd a—I don't know what I'd of done,' he says, 'but I think I'd of lashed their tails in a direct course fer the north pole er the moon. But you couldn't of told me then,' he says, 'that I was goin' to have to be born again as Emperer of the Flowery Kingdom an' go through all that sudsy, dragony experience of runnin' all the laundries in the world, an' keepin' a private zoo.'

"He told me all about that too, an' it was jest as nutty as his Noah spiel.

"Say! Some people has a way of mixin' up fact an' 'magination so't yain't quite sure which you're listnin to. George is the King Nut, an' a bonehead, an' some of the bones has fetched loose. But he's got me goin' on this born again gag, an' certainly I do wish the Old Man would play up some of his ideas in the show's printn. It'd hand a wallop to these here press agents, anyhow."

Mothers of Men

By Theresa Virginia Beard

Blest be the Ancient Mothers, the Spartan Dames of yore
Who looked on Death and smiling sent forth their sons to war.
Shame on the wailing women who magnify their pain
And weigh it in the balance against a Nation's gain.

So long as Might enthroned flings Right the scoffer's gibe,
So long as Peace is offered to Honor as a bribe,
God give us valiant women to draw our bucklers tight,
Return our Ancient Mothers who armed their sons for fight.

Arise! ye loyal women and pay your sacred toll,
Shrink not the living sacrifice to save a country's soul.
"Peace, peace," proclaimed the Angels, who knew God's perfect plan;
"Not peace,—a sword I bring you," spake He Who walked with man.

A CUP OF COFFEE

may mean almost anything —— Good, Bad or Indifferent.

But a cup of

SEAL BRAND COFFEE 157

MEANS JUST ONE THING—the most delicious beverage ever poured into a coffee cup.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

JAEGER

FOR COMFORT AND SAFETY

Jaeger Underwear is durable and comfortable; it affords real protection from chill in all weathers. Made from unquestionably pure and undyed wool for Health's sake. Jaeger Underwear is the underwear of quality at amoderate price.

A fully-illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System Co. Limited
Montreal TORONTO Winnipeg

A SAFE INVESTMENT

With this reliable firm will yield 7% per annum. Safe as a mortgage. Investigate this proposition and write for explanatory literature at once.

National Securities Corp. Ltd.

7% 309 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.